

Everyday Life in Turkey

***O Wandern ! Wandern meine Lust,
O Wandern !
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Lasst mich in Frieden weiter zieh'n
Und wandern.***

Everyday Life in Turkey

BY

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LONDON
HODDER AND STOUGHTON
27 PATERNOSTER ROW
1897

ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY PRESS

TO
MRS. JAMES WHITTALL

OF BOURNABAT

IN
LOVING AND GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE

PREFACE

THE romantic scene of chapter v. and the quaint tale of chapter vi. may seem exceptional and hardly fair specimens of "Everyday Life in Turkey," in which some travellers find little but hardship and discomfort, varied by ruins. But the great charm of Turkish travel is that romantic and quaint experiences come almost daily to those who look for them.

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●EVERYDAY LIFE IN TURKEY

CHAPTER I.

THE TOWN.

PEOPLE have been accustomed lately to hear so much evil of the Turks—stories of their fanatical hatred towards their Christian fellow-countrymen, their cruelty and unspeakable wickedness—that one might well suppose them to be merely a sort of combination of ferocious wild beast and incarnate fiend.

It is not under this aspect, that I have known them and wish to speak of them. It is now about seventeen years since I first went with my husband to Turkey. I have lived in the country, and have travelled in it ; and have found the people always simple, peaceable, hospitable, and friendly—living amicably with their Christian neighbours, at least as much oppressed by the bad government as they are—often more so—and it is true, as a speaker

on the Armenian question recently said, that not the least of the crimes charged against the present Sultan is, that he has set the worst class of Turks above the best, and stirred up among his Mohammedan subjects religious hatred and evil passions.

I am not going to speak of the people of such places as Constantinople, or Smyrna, or Mersina, or Salonika. In all the great seaports, Western civilisation influences, more or less, the life of all the inhabitants. My intention is to tell about the people of the inner country—the dwellers in villages or in the inland cities.

It is not easy by mere words to give a clear idea of a modern Turkish inland town. One's first impression of it invariably is, that it has been half finished, and then allowed to fall into decay. This is true even of the *most* flourishing and important towns. Take, for example, Afium-Kara-Hissar, one of the largest and busiest in Asia Minor, lying on the great highway and post-road between Constantinople and Konia, and now a railway station, though my description applies to an earlier time, when no railway had gone up beyond the coast valleys.

The situation of Kara-Hissar is one of the most striking imaginable. It lies between two great cone-shaped rocks that spring abruptly from the plain at the foot of a lofty mountain range. On the summit of the higher cone, which is about 700 feet in height, is the Byzantine fortress that gives the town its name, Kara-Hissar — Black Castle. From this fortress (if you have any strength left to look around after climbing the terrible stairway cut in the rock which leads to it), you may behold all the wonders of the surrounding scene—the dark and rugged mountains behind ; the town at your feet, with its steep streets, the shining domes of its mosques, and its tall slender minarets, like gigantic candles with extinguishers on ; and, stretching away to the distant hills, the magnificently fertile plain, green with pasture, yellow with waving corn, or white and purple with opium poppies. This plain was the site of the imperial farms in Byzantine times. The Dervishes of Kara-Hissar—said to be descendants of the old Seljuk Sultans—possess several estates on it now, and these are exempt from the payment of government taxes.

This interesting city is built principally of mud !

The mosques, however, are of stone, notably that of the Dervishes, which is the finest in the town. There is also a fine large Armenian church, built of stone and marble brought from the site of an ancient city. The streets are mere spaces between the houses, ill-paved—where paved at all—and full of holes and pit-falls. Streams of water trickle down the centre of many of them—an improvement on some towns, where the central gutters are filled with stagnant filth—and children, dogs and fowls dabble and pick up odds and ends. All the household refuse is thrown into the streets, to rot and make the air unwholesome. The only scavengers are the homeless dogs, which frequent the streets in great numbers, and in towns do not attack strangers as they do in the country.

Business is confined to the bazaars, where each trade has its own street or location—dyers, shoemakers, goldsmiths, tailors, tanners, bakers, tin-smiths, cloth-merchants, makers of sweetmeats, grocers, money-lenders, and so on, keeping each to their own quarter. The bazaars are always partly roofed over—sometimes entirely so. In Kara-Hissar they are very extensive, and partly built over streams of water, which are, for long

distances, covered with planks like the flooring of a room. If I remember rightly, horses, donkeys, and camels are prohibited from entering the parts so paved. The bazaars have strong gates that are closed at nightfall.

The shops are all open in front, and have shutters and doors to close at night. Perhaps it would be more correct to call them booths. Each consists generally of a single apartment with shelves all round to hold the wares. There is no glass in the window, and on the broad ledge outside goods are exposed for sale, while others are hung round the window and the doorway. Inside you see the proprietor seated cross-legged on his *diwan*, peacefully inhaling the smoke of his *narghilé*, while he awaits such customers as fate may send his way.

On market-day, which in large towns probably occurs once a week, the bazaars present a lively scene. In Kara-Hissar Friday, the Moslem Sunday, is also market-day, and with the first peep of dawn buyers and sellers from all the villages of the surrounding country come thronging to the town. Those who are not shopkeepers but have things to sell, sit in rows on the ground,

their wares arranged temptingly before and around them : tall baskets filled with grapes and apples, piles of leeks, tomatoes, melons ; corn and rice, salt and sugar, in woollen sacks ; bales of printed, calico and muslin ; trays of small-wares, such as buttons, beads, glass bangles, combs ; baskets of iron horse-shoes, or flints for the teeth of threshing-machines ; honey and cheese brought from the hills in goatskins, with the hair inside, by ragged, sun-blackened peasants.

If you want fresh *yaghurt* or new-laid eggs, those veiled women sitting in the shade of the wall just beyond the bazaar, with a row of bowls in front of them, have brought a supply from the villages in the plain. Or if you would like a turkey to roast for supper, there is a little peasant with bare brown legs and a ragged handkerchief on his head, herding a flock of them with a willow-wand, as they pick a precarious breakfast from the gutters. Here are vendors of sweetmeats, who keep up a continuous swishing with their paper "fly-flickers," to ward off the swarms of buzzing wasps and flies from their wares. If you buy a pennyworth of sweets from one of them, he will give you a handful of "chibliboothies" into the bargain. Yonder

is a group of women in snowy mualin veils, shapeless *ferijis* and yellow slippers, bargaining over a string of amber beads or a piece of print; and there are some others buying honey cakes for their children from a stalwart negress, swathed in a scarlet cloth, and with a cross deeply scarred in either round black cheek to mark her as some one's slave.

From the butchers' stalls, where they are cutting up lambs and kids, whose gory skins hang reeking in the sun, there comes a sickening odour, and the buzzing and humming of thousands of wasps and bluebottles. As you hastily turn to avoid these horrors, ten to one you stumble over some of the skulking dogs that haunt the spot, and rouse a dismal chorus of protesting howls. Next you are jostled by a donkey carrying a load of charcoal; you and the charcoal nearly come to grief, and the driver calls upon the name of God. Then, as you catch his eye, he smiles at you, showing teeth of dazzling whiteness in a face as black as his charcoal, and for your sake curses his donkey and all its ancestors to the ninth generation.

Itinerant vendors of lemonade wander about among the crowd making a din to call people's

attention to the fact that they are ready, for a small consideration, to refresh the thirsty with a drink cooled with snow brought from some hollow high among the mountains. They have their big bottle of sweetened lemon-juice and their bigger bottle of snow-water, and a number of glasses all packed into a brass case shaped to fit round the body, and slung round the neck. If you prefer coffee, there are plenty of coffee-shops where tiny cups of black coffee are supplied at a moment's notice, and a "hubble-bubble," too, if you are so inclined. Or if you are hungry and desire more substantial refreshment, there are eating-houses where you can buy food—the *yahli pilaf*, the savoury *kebab* served on "flaps" of bread, vegetables of various kinds, salted fish, rice boiled in milk with powdered cinnamon sprinkled on the top, "pastry various," and the wholesome *ya-ghurt*. Or if your wants are even more simple, you can make a meal of bread and goat's-milk cheese, with a dozen of black olives or a couple of tomatoes. If the narrow precincts of the eating-house are crowded when you arrive, just purchase what you want, carry it off in the piece of coarse paper the *yemekji* provides to your

khan, or sit down and eat it in the nearest convenient spot. No one will interfere with you. The crowd loiters about its business in the most easy-going fashion, and everybody is good-tempered, and nobody in a hurry. If a begging Dervish, wild-eyed, sunburnt and unkempt, in ragged sheepskin and with staff in hand, chances to pass near while you are enjoying your meal, throw a handful of olives and a morsel of bread and cheese into the metal basket that hangs round his neck, and he will give you a blessing in return.

It was our custom to replenish our travelling stores of sugar, rice, dried apricots, etc., at any large town we came to, as such things are not to be found elsewhere. If we were in a hurry, the servants were sent alone to make the necessary purchases, but when we were not, I liked to go with them myself for the fun of the thing, especially if I wanted anything for my personal use, such as a yard or two of muslin for a veil, sweet-meats, etc. I would set out, accompanied by the cook (when we had one with us ; which was not always, as all Turks know how to cook, more or less, so that sometimes the *kavasses* did the cooking), and another of the men. Strangers

always attract attention ; and by the time we had bought a few okes of rice and sugar, a little crowd of interested spectators would have collected, and would follow us for the rest of the way quietly, never jostling us or making any fuss, but just looking on, and perhaps occasionally offering a suggestion or a bit of advice, of which nobody took any notice, or joining in the laugh which some smart rejoinder from one side or the other evoked during the bargaining that goes on over the smallest item that is bought and sold.

At the *bakals*, or grocery shops, we made our purchases from the outside ; but in the cloth-bazaar it was different. There I entered the shop, seated myself upon the *diwan*, and salaamed politely to the proprietor, before stating what it was my desire to purchase, while my servant, slipping off his shoes as he entered, seated himself on the floor, and the crowd looked on admiringly from outside.

When I had made known my wants, *viz.*, a couple of yards of white muslin, the shopkeeper did not at once supply them. That would be very bad style of business in Turkey. On the contrary, he proceeded to display before my

dazzled gaze all sorts of things that I didn't want, from Manchester-made turban cloths to silken *ferijs* and richly embroidered cashmere shawls. Of course I inquired the price of everything, and was told twice as much as he would have taken in the end. Equally of course, I sometimes bought things I hadn't thought of buying before entering the shop. If he saw me hesitating, his assiduity increased, and he would call to some one to order coffee. A *kawaji* would appear in a few minutes with a little brass tray bearing two tiny cups of black coffee in little brass *sefs* or holders, one of which was presented to me, the other to my servant. After about an hour or so we would part, mutually pleased, I with my muslin, and perhaps a Broussa handkerchief, or some other trifles. Once it was a pair of men's coloured woollen waistbands, each five yards long and twelve inches wide, which made excellent borders for a pair of curtains when I got home to Scotland.

The *khan*, or inn, is always a notable feature of a Turkish town. The better sort is usually a two-storeyed building of stone or wood, or both, or it may be built of wood and sun-dried mud bricks

—according to the abundance or scarcity of any or all of these materials in the district. The building surrounds a courtyard. The ground floor is used as stables, etc., and the upper is occupied by the dwelling-rooms. These rooms open on to a gallery which is reached by ladder-like stairs at the four corners of the yard. Some of the rooms have windows looking on to the street, but generally the windows look only on to the gallery, in which case the rooms are usually close and stuffy. In wooden *khans* the vermin that inhabit the wood make life a burden and sleep a nightmare. In stone or mud buildings the fleas which frequent such places can always be, at least temporarily, got rid of by using a plentiful supply of water and a broom.

To the *khan* there is only one gate of entrance, and the rule is to close the gate at nightfall, after which no stranger is admitted.

The *khans*, like private houses, are usually allowed to fall into a shocking state of disrepair. I have one in my mind's eye, where I once stayed for a night or two, at a town of some importance called Eregli. This *khan* was an unusually com-modious one, and had once been a fine building.

We were accommodated with a wide and lofty and perfectly empty chamber over the gateway. The end next the gallery was entirely open, and at the other a row of windows looked out upon the market-place. These windows had once had glass in them, but that was gone, and only the frames, protected by rusty iron bars, remained, so that at least we could not complain of want of air. The floor was of boards, supported on rafters, quite black, and so rotten and full of holes that not only had we to take care not to put our feet through it, but we could look down and see all that was going on in the gateway beneath, and hear all that was said; and could have easily dropped things on the heads of the people who passed out and in, or who lounged on the stone seats, if we had been so disposed. The gateway being provided with these seats along either side, was a convenient place of meeting, and being directly opposite the market was much frequented. Opening off this pavilion, as it might be called, was a smaller chamber, separated from it by a slight partition of wood about three feet high, with the remains of glass panes that had once reached to the roof. The

floor was in the same condition as that of the outer chamber, and the remains of a *daïs* were still visible. In proper condition, the floor spread with soft carpets, the *daïs* cushioned and piled with pillows, with silken curtains drawn over the glass of the partition, the little room would have been a charming place in which to take one's *siesta* or drink one's coffee. As it was, it was hardly fit to put the saddles and saddle-bags in, and we made no attempt to use it for anything else. The rest of the *khan* was in the same condition of dilapidation and dirt, and an enormous dunghill which occupied the middle of the yard did not add sweetness to the atmosphere.

All *khan*s are, however, not so bad as that, and sometimes the traveller may find in them a reasonably comfortable lodging—especially if the *khanji* happens to be a Greek or an Armenian, and has some idea of keeping the place in repair. For example, at Nev-Sheher, a Greek town in central Asia Minor (in fact the only purely Greek city in the country), you will find a splendid *khan*, built entirely of large blocks of well-cut stone, with good rooms, lofty roofs, cool, clean, airy and beautifully managed. But even in Turkish towns, in some

of the better kept *khans*, you may find not only some attempt at comfort, but even an endeavour to make things neat. I remember such a one in Afiom-Kara-Hissar. The doors of the rooms were all numbered in both Turkish and other figures, and had scrolls of flowers, etc., painted on them in blue. The windows were well glazed, there was a fountain in the middle of the yard instead of a dunghill, and a thick vine was trained across from gallery to gallery, giving a delightful shade.

In such a place you choose the room that seems to you the nicest, and have the floor well sprinkled with water and thoroughly swept. Then you spread your waterproof sheets and unpack your camp-bed (which will serve you for a sofa) and your other belongings, and make yourself quite comfortable. If the water and sweeping should fail to remove any chance fleas, you will find that the waterproof sheet is a safeguard against the same enemy—we found this the best, in fact no flea seems able to hold out against the smell of mackintosh, while all but the feeblest despise any ordinary "insecticide". If the walls and floor are of stone, congratulate yourself; if they are of

wood, I know of no protection against the onslaught of bugs as soon as ever darkness comes on. If you remain indoors in a wood-lined house, you must just endure it.

When staying in a *khan* you provide your own food, and not only that, you provide your own furniture also. You can sometimes, if you desire to do so, borrow carpets and mattresses, or hire them, for the occasion ; but this is not advisable, if it can be avoided. You send to the eating-house in the *tcharshi* for food already cooked, or you may, if you like, buy the raw material and cook it yourself. There is generally a fountain in the courtyard ; but if not, you will find a supply of water in a gigantic earthenware jar in some handy corner, which is replenished daily by water-carriers, who bring the water in cows' skins sewn up, so as to make huge bags. Opposite the door of each room there is generally a little wooden sink fixed to the rail of the gallery, from which the dirty water used by the visitors pours down upon anybody or anything that may chance to be below.

About the hour of noon in any much-frequented *khan*, you will probably find a number of the guests

engaged in preparing their midday meal in the galleries. Each has his little fire of charcoal in an iron tripod before the door of his room, and there he sits patiently on his heels watching some savoury morsel that frizzles in his little frying-pan, or waiting till the rice for his *pilaf* is sufficiently boiled. Once I saw a young Greek who occupied the room next ours preparing for his dinner a number of small green landcrabs. He had crammed them alive and sprawling into a little pot of cold water. As the water became warm the crabs made desperate efforts to crawl out, while the Greek kept pushing them in again with a stick. Looking towards me by chance and seeing, no doubt, an expression of horror on my face, he said politely, "I observe, lady, that this sight displeases you"; and removed fire, pot and crabs to some place beyond the range of my view.

In towns the traveller does not usually come so much into personal contact with the people as in the villages. In the latter, as a rule, news of your arrival immediately gets wind, and most of the inhabitants will hasten (as much as their natural laziness and sluggishness allow) to make your acquaintance. Even in the towns, however, your

distinguished presence sometimes attracts notice, the news spreads, and you may become the object of polite and friendly attention. On the other hand, the people of the town may have no disposition to make your acquaintance, and will simply ignore you. Or, lastly, some too energetic *mudir* or *kaimmakam* may pounce upon you, and make your stay in the town either pleasant or the reverse, according to his temper and disposition.

It was our fortune more than once to attract friendly attention. For example, ~~one~~ day in May, 1888, we had occasion to be for a few hours in Sandykli, a town of some importance about 200 miles east of Smyrna and about eight hours' ride from the terminus of the Ottoman Railway. A telegram which had arrived for us on the same day, at the telegraph office no doubt helped to advertise us. We had ridden from some mineral baths, where we were staying, about two hours away, and after calling for our telegram and letters adjourned to a *khan*—a wretched, filthy place—for shelter from the midday sun and to have lunch. The rooms were all so hot and stuffy that we chose to remain in the gallery, where the *khanji* obligingly

accommodated us with some mattresses and cushions—uninviting-looking articles, but it was a choice between them and an equally dirty floor.

Sandykli is a garrison town. We had just finished our lunch when the *khanji* rushed up to announce visitors, and two military officers made their appearance at the top of the ladder that led to the gallery. They were both middle-aged men and dressed in the Turkish uniform; but without belts or swords or anything of that sort. They wore the *fez* on their heads, and were shod with fine black kid boots with large leather shoes over them. They were politely horrified to find us in the gallery, and, after shaking hands, called upon the *khanji* to open his best room. He did. One we had already declined to occupy—it was so hot, dirty and close! Now it seemed hotter and stuffier than ever, but politeness impelled us to go in with our visitors. They conducted me to the best place—the *diwan* at the upper end of the room—and we all sat down and talked. Both were recent comers to Sandykli. One of them was an Albanian, the other a Turk. The latter had travelled a little in Europe, and they both deplored the miserable habits and habitations of the Turks, and regretted

that they could not have things "à la Franga". The Albanian, who was seated near me, spoke to me frankly about his wife, who, he said, was with him and found the place insufferably dull and the people horrid. As it was the time of *Ramazan* they could not smoke; but they offered us cigarettes, which we declined. Then they ordered coffee—for us alone, as they could not partake of this either—and as the one who had been in Europe knew the ways of foreigners, and was anxious to give us things as we were accustomed to have them, he gave the order for "coffee and milk".

There was apparently some difficulty in the execution of the order, for it was only after long delay and oft-repeated calls from our entertainers that the *karwaji* made his appearance. Instead of bringing the coffee in cups in the usual way, he carried a bronze vessel containing a charcoal fire, on the top of which was a small kettle of milk and a coffee pan full of water. He was a Persian, with olive-coloured face, blue-black hair, almond-shaped eyes, and a tiny moustache on his lip exactly the size and shape of his eyebrow. His clothes were ragged and dirty, his entire hands

were stained with *henna*, and on his head was a muslin turban which had no doubt once been white. The *khanji's* assistant, a bare-legged Greek youth, followed him, carrying a tray on which were two coffee cups and two little glasses with saucers and spoons. The youth deposited the tray on the floor, rushed off and speedily returned with some lumps of sugar in a dirty pocket-handkerchief. As he entered I was asking one of the officers (merely for the sake of saying something), if the *kaweji* wore the Persian costume. The Greek heard the question, and apparently thought I was animadverting on his friend's appearance. He turned to me and said indignantly: "These are only his travelling clothes! He has beautiful clothes at home! *You* don't wear your best clothes when you're travelling, do you? He is a man of excellent family and extremely rich in his own country." What such a swell was doing in this *galère* he did not condescend to explain.

Meantime the travelled officer was anxiously watching the operations of the *kaweji*, and from time to time urging him to mix the coffee and milk. But the Persian knew better than that

by a long way. As the milk boiled over into the fire, he took the kettle off, and explained to the officers that the English took the milk and sugar first, and the coffee afterwards. Then he filled the glasses with the boiling milk and handed them to us with the handkerchief of sugar. The officer cast a despairing glance at me, and, with a muttered reference to the wonderful works of God, resigned himself to fate. As black coffee with milk is horrid, we were glad to be spared it, and tried to look as if we liked the boiled milk, politely but firmly declining the sugar. We would gladly have refused the milk as well, but the kindly Turk was evidently so deeply chagrined by the failure of his endeavour to entertain us in European style, that we had not the heart to further add to his distress.

The Albanian, blissfully ignorant of European manners, regarded the proceedings from the point of view of the irresponsible onlooker, and maintained a cheerful demeanour throughout. While he was talking to me, I was suddenly 'ware of an animal, too far beyond the pale of civilisation for its name to be mentioned here, even accompanied by an apology, which was making its way labori-

ously upwards on the sleeve of my jacket. Overwhelmed by inward agitation, and with cold shivers running down my spine, I yet managed to retain an outward appearance of calmness. My one desire was at once to rid myself of the creeping horror, and at the same time to spare our kindly visitors the pain of finding that, by insisting on our entering the room, they had exposed us to such dire mishap. I sought wildly for some plausible excuse to leave the room, glancing round with one eye and keeping a furtive watch with the other on the slow but sure progress of the enemy.

Soon my agitation began to betray itself in my manner. I answered remarks at random. The intelligent Albanian noticed something amiss, followed my furtive glances, and espied the cause. Leaning towards me, he—with an indifference which, I fear, could only be the result of familiarity—quietly nipped the offender between his finger and thumb and—dropped it on the floor!

At this moment the Turkish officer most opportunely proposed taking us for a walk to see the town and its surroundings. This is the only instance of such a thing I ever came across in Asia Minor on the part of a Mohammedan.

In this second attempt to imitate European manners he was very successful. He conducted us first to the summit of a low hill near the town, from which we had a beautiful view of the plain, the town, and the distant mountains. The crops were extremely good and abundant. We discussed the recent famine, and they said as there had been only one bad year, no one had died of starvation ; but grain was very dear, and the people had been obliged to sell all their carpets and other belongings at less than half their real value, to buy food. However, it would be all right now, for the present harvest was magnificent. They took us next to the barracks, the powder magazine, and a military store—all whitewashed buildings, and quite new. The store, they said, contained guns, uniforms, etc., sufficient for two battalions, and ready at a moment's notice. In the barracks were seven or eight soldiers, among them a mulatto, whom we carried off with us to help us to write a telegram, as he was able to write Turkish, and knew besides Greek and a little French, having been educated at Constantinople. We couldn't write Turkish, and neither of our military friends could read or write anything.

The mulatto was a boastful and disagreeable person. He told us that he once knew Persian and Arabic thoroughly, and could read French and Greek as well as speak them. He said that he had been intended for an officer, but had, in a passion, stabbed another boy at the school, and had been expelled. He said he was a Cretan : I have no doubt of it. He wanted to hear about America and England, and showed painful ignorance, in spite of his knowledge of languages. My husband told him—in Turkish of course—to write in the telegram, "In eight days I leave for England," and to address it "Rocca, Smyrna".

Before he would write he demanded an explanation : Why "I" instead of "we" ? and why telegram to "Rocca" ? and why "eight days" ?

I explained that the *Tchelebi* was not going ; that I expected Madame Rocca to accompany me ; and that the steamer left Smyrna in eight days.

Then he wrote, and read out what he had written : "To Count Rocca, Smyrna. I am now at Sandykli and in eight days I shall leave Smyrna by steamer for England, and Madame Rocca will accompany me."

"You must not put 'Count'; he is not a Count."

"Then he must be 'lord'."

"No."

"Well, Monsieur Rocca?"

"No! you are to put *Rocca* only."

"But they won't know which Rocca you mean—there may be hundreds of them."

"No; there is only one. And you must write the message as I have told you."

"But he won't understand."

"He will; he expects the telegram."

At the telegraph office the whole thing had to be gone over once more with an all too intelligent telegraph-ji—an Armenian.

We paid the telegram and came away with the conviction that we had, wasted time, breath, and money. That telegram did not reach its destination.

The two officers accompanied us back to the *khan*. On the way we met a woman with her veil down, and on seeing the officers she hastily drew it up over her face. The Turk called out to her: "Put down your veil—there is no need to cover your face". She laughed and answered something

I didn't catch, and he turned to me and added "This way of covering the face is not good for women," and other remarks in the same strain.

On reaching the *khan* we found that the Turkish officer had ordered a fowl to be cooked for us to take with us to the *hammam*,* in case, as it was *Ramazan*, we might be unable to get food there. The fowl was not ready, and, while we waited till it was cooked, my husband showed them the various instruments he carried. They did not know the use of even an ordinary compass, much less of a prismatic compass. These were men high in the military service! A little boy of seven, the son of the Turkish officer, came with the servant who brought the fowl. He was badly marked with smallpox. His father said he had been vaccinated, but it had not "taken," and he had had the disease severely. I won the little fellow's heart by the gift of a penknife. We carry a supply of such things for the purpose. Then his father asked for our cards, and we bade them adieu and returned to the *hammam* feeling that at least "we'd powlert up an' down a bit an' had a rattlin' day".

* The baths at the hot springs.

I remember another instance of friendliness which occurred in this same town of Sandykli on a different occasion, and which gave me a delightful glimpse of family life in a well-to-do Turkish household.

A Turkish merchant, whom we had come across by chance in a *khan*, gave me a pressing invitation to visit his wife. He was an elderly person, of benignant aspect, with a long grey beard, well dressed in a *kaftan* of pale-blue cloth, and a turban of snowy muslin. He had apparently taken a fancy for our company, and when the *kaimmakam* (who happened to be unusually gracious) lent us a large house to live in—requisitioned for the occasion from some helpless citizen—the worthy man followed us there. By the time it occurred to him to invite me to visit his wife, it was pretty late in the afternoon, and by the time I found it convenient to go, darkness had fallen. However, he declared that his house was at no great distance, and that he would himself escort me safely there and back ; so he girt up the skirts of his flowing *kaftan*, took a lantern in his hand, and we sallied forth into the night.

It was a funny experience. On we went through

a labyrinth of narrow, dirty, ill-paved streets, turning now to the right, now to the left, till I completely lost all sense of locality or direction. The night was dark as pitch. The Turk walked in front of me, carrying the lantern in such a way as to throw the light before my advancing steps, and enable me to avoid some of the mud-holes and the rough stones of which the streets consisted. His idea of the distance to his house from ours was evidently not accurate, and we continued walking till I began to feel quite tired, and to wonder where on earth we were going. At last he stopped at a big wooden gateway in a narrow street, where the upper storeys of the houses projected in such a way as to make the darkness of the street below darker still.

Holding the light so as to see the keyhole, he produced a huge iron key from his sash, unlocked the gate, entered, took me by the hand, and drew me in after him, and closed and locked the door. I felt myself wedged into a warm, breathing, swaying mass, which, as the old man hung his lantern on a nail in one of the walls, I perceived to be composed of sheep, goats, oxen and donkeys. This was anything but pleasant,

but at the same time it was so comic that I laughed aloud

My laugh was answered by a cry overhead. My conductor took me by the hand once more, and repeating several times in a tone of much satisfaction, "God is great," elbowed a passage through his flocks to the foot of a steep ladder-like stair, and invited me to ascend. I did so, and passing through a square hole above, found myself in a spacious room filled with sacks of corn, huge earthenware jars, piles of bedding, rows of shining copper pots and pans, and all the various articles that go to make up the belongings of a well-to-do Turkish household. Facing me was an elderly woman, who stared open-eyed and open-mouthed.

"God is great!" said she, "a woman!" The old man chuckled with delight at the sensation he had caused.

The woman took my hand and kissed it, then led me into an inner room, warmly carpeted and with a wood fire blazing cheerily on the hearth, the night being chilly. Here there was a pretty little girl about twelve years old who was trying shyly to hide from the stranger, but who soon gained courage and became quite friendly.

The Turk, instead of allowing me to sit on the *diwan*, placed mattresses near the fire and we all sat down and exchanged the usual formal salutation—that is, I salaamed to each in turn and they did the same to me, bidding me welcome.

Then the man drew a bag from his sash and proudly emptied its contents into the lap of his wife. It was the proceeds of the business he had done that day—a considerable number of *medjidie*. The woman counted them, remarked, "*Pek ei—chok pek ei*," "very good—very good indeed," and went and locked them safely away in some box or cupboard, of which she evidently kept the key.

When we had talked for a few minutes the old man, who was certainly the active member of the family, proceeded to make coffee, fetching the water and the cups, and roasting and grinding the beans, and boiling the coffee himself, while his wife talked to me. The pan he used held only sufficient for two cups. Coffee-pans are all made in particular sizes to hold two, four, six cups, as the case may be. The water is boiled in the pan, then a small spoonful of the finely ground coffee is added for each cup and allowed to boil up twice,

when it is poured into the cups and used. I was curious to see who should have the second cup on this occasion—one of course being for the guest. When the coffee was ready, he presented one cup to me on a little brass tray, and took the other himself. As soon as he had drunk it, however, he prepared a second supply for his wife and daughter.

I don't know if it is usual for a man to make coffee for his womankind, or to serve them in any other way, as this one did. I don't remember another instance of it; but as a rule when I have been visiting women there has been no husband present, and in some cases, where he has been present, servants have made and served the coffee.

In the course of conversation, which was, as usual, confined to purely personal topics, they told me that they had only two children alive; the little girl who was present, and a son, a young man, who was away from home, and who, they said, was a *zeibek*.

What qualities, characteristics, or position in life actually constitute a *zeibek*, I have never been able to find out. Once seen he is easily recognised by his appearance—just as, once you are familiar with the country, you can tell at a glance

Jew, Armenian, Greek, or Circassian—or rather as you can distinguish between the different Mohammedans—Dervish, Hodja, Emir, etc. The dress and style of the *zeibek* are all his own—"There are none like him—none." But that does not solve the question of *what* he is. As far as I can make out, he is a kind of Turkish "young man about town," only "town" is not a necessary adjunct. He is certainly the Turkish dandy. He curls his moustache fiercely upwards, swaggers tremendously in his walk, sticks a flower behind his ear, and bristles with knives and pistols. But what he does for a living is still a mystery to me. I have often inquired of people who might be supposed to know, but have never obtained a satisfactory answer. I put the question to my hosts, What is a *zeibek*? and received the usual reply. A *zeibek* is—a *zeibek*.* Their son was a *zeibek*, and the pride of their hearts. They poured forth his praises till tears ran down the mother's cheeks.

Then the old man remarked that he had been a *zeibek* himself once. When he was married he was a *zeibek*. He became quite excited at the recollection.

"You should have seen me," he said, "with my tall *fez* and my moustache and my sword and pistols!"

His wife laughed at him, gave him a playful slap, and told him to be quiet, while the little daughter giggled rapturously. But he wasn't to be easily repressed, especially as his remarks were addressed to me, and I encouraged him by every expression of interest and delight I could muster.

"Show the *khanum* my *zeibek* clothes," he cried, "and show her your own marriage clothes."

Then they pulled forward a big trunk and proceeded to take from it all their wedding finery, which had evidently been carefully kept.

As garment after garment was drawn forth, the old man became more and more excited.

"By Allah! I will put them on," he cried; "once more I shall be a *zeibek*."

His wife remonstrated in vain. He threw off his *kaftan*, etc.—all the insignia of staid and venerable age—and struggled into the other things, assisted most unwillingly by his wife, who, turning to me, muttered some words I did not know, but which her look translated plainly: "There's no fool like an old fool".

I confess I never saw a more pathetically comic figure. The absurdly small trousers, the great roll of sash-cloths round the portly form, the tiny jacket with its long dangling sleeves—all surmounted by a long grey beard and a huge white muslin turban!

To put an end to the scene I announced my intention of returning to my husband, as it was growing late and he would expect me, and declined a cordial invitation to remain all night. To my horror, the Turk declared he would accompany me in the *zeibek* dress, "to let the *Tchelebi* see him!" So he put his *kafian* on over everything, I bade his wife and daughter good-bye, and we set off.

He had not been able to put on the leather belt which holds the *zeibek's* *khives* and pistols, being much too fat; but to make up for this he had fastened a long sword at his side, and it kept getting in his way and greatly retarded our progress. Besides the lantern, he had to carry a pitcher of milk, a dish of honey, and a number of apples—a gift from his wife and himself to me on my departure. We managed, however, to arrive in safety. Our supper of *kebabs* was ready, and

my husband invited the old gentleman to share it, which he did.

The long walk or the presence of men had brought back some of his reserve, and he did not call my husband's attention to his appearance further than by throwing open his *kaftan*. Alas ! the *Tchelebi* never noticed it, and as the too attentive *kaimmakam* had sent us a guard of seven *zaptiehs*, who were more or less in evidence all the time, I felt it was safer, for the sake of the old man's dignity, to say nothing about it.

This is one of several incidents that have somewhat shaken my belief in the imperturbable gravity and dignity of demeanour generally attributed to the male Turk of mature years.

Such friendliness on the part of the inhabitants of towns is, as I said before, not by any means universal. In Afium-Kara-Hissar, for example, where I have been two or three times, and my husband often, no Mohammedan ever took the trouble to make our acquaintance, or to show us any friendliness. I must, however, make an exception in the case of the dervish sheikhs of this place, to our acquaintance with whom I refer in another part of this book (p. 262), and

who may without doubt be reckoned the most exclusive and aristocratic family in the town or in the district ; but we had made their acquaintance elsewhere, and only renewed it in the town. As for Christians, with occasional exceptions among the richer Armenians, they were everywhere eager to show us kindness and hospitality.

Turkish houses of the better class are so constructed as to separate entirely the part occupied by the women from the public part, where the master of the house receives his friends and visitors ; and no grown-up male enters the *harem* except the proprietor, or the sons of the house, or, I understand, in cases of dire necessity, a doctor. So far as my own knowledge goes, however, it seems to me that in cases of sickness the inmates of the *harem* in inland towns depend for medical advice and help entirely on the *mamma* (*sage femme*), who is often a Greek, and whose natural shrewdness and long experience generally stand her in good stead, and who, sometimes at any rate, combines a good deal of practical common sense with superstitious rites in the treatment of her patients.

The houses of the Christians are practically of the same construction as those of the Turks. In

both the windows usually project obliquely, so as to allow the inmates to see all that is going on in the street, through the fine lattice-work that conceals them from the view of those outside. The great difference is that the houses of the Christian quarters are often better built, and are invariably in a better state of repair, than those of the Turks. To the casual observer the outward conditions and mode of life in those towns are much the same for Moslem and Christian—which is the natural result of climate, physical surroundings, etc. Although the difference of race is distinctly marked by dress, both in men and women, the Christian women are as closely veiled as the Turkish, and their life is, to all intents and purposes, almost as secluded. None but the old and ugly expose their faces to the eyes of men. Of course inside Christian houses intercourse between men and women is much freer than among the Turks, and the women and girls of Christian households appear unveiled in the presence of male visitors, so far as my experience goes. But I have myself seen such variety of manners and customs in different parts of the interior of the country, that I do not presume to say that any custom is invariable. I have been in one town

where the population appeared to be about half Moslem and half Christian, and where, so far as I saw, none of the women were veiled, and only a slight difference in the head-dress marked the difference of race. This was at Koula, a place remarkable for its healthy climate and pure water, and a great summer resort for the inhabitants of the surrounding country. How pretty the women and girls were ! With their fresh, rosy faces, their shining eyes and glossy hair, and their splendidly vigorous and handsome forms ! I did not see a plain-looking one among them (p. 196).

In the inland town the similarity in the conditions of life of the Turk and the Christian extends to the household furniture. Bedsteads are alike unknown in either, and the bedding is rolled up and put aside during the day. Such things as washstands are also unknown, and even chairs are few and far between. The rooms are usually fitted with *diwans*, which are cushioned and often upholstered in rich material. The floors are spread with soft rich carpets. Carved wooden cupboards, or shelves let into the woodwork of the walls, hold the various household utensils, lamps, coffee-cups, candlesticks, etc. Sometimes there is

a fire-place, with a broad hearthstone and prettily carved mantelpiece, but no grate. Or, in cold weather, ornamental copper or brass vases containing hot charcoal are used to warm the room. Meals are eaten sitting on the floor. The table is generally a round metal tray placed on a stool, and knives and forks are unknown and unnecessary. In regard to food opinions often differ, but I must say that, among both Turks and Christians of the wealthier class, we found the food exceedingly good and the cookery excellent.

In places where much business is done it is often almost entirely in the hands of the Christians. This is the case in Kara-Hissar, where the predominance of well-to-do Armenian merchants attests the fact. They are the bankers and money-lenders also, and when we went to Kara-Hissar on one occasion we had a letter of credit to a certain Armenian, who was correspondent of the Ottoman Bank. That gentleman happened to be from home for the day, and, as we had to stay overnight, his brother pressed upon us the loan of a house which he owned, but which was unoccupied at the time. The house was in the Armenian quarter, and was a narrow building of mud-

bricks three storeys high. It was entirely lined with wood, which, wherever practicable, was cut in neat fretwork. It was empty of furniture, except for the usual *diwan*, or *daïs*, fixed in each room. Our host kindly sent for some carpets and mattresses; and, while the house was thus being prepared for our reception, invited us into his brother's house, which was next door. Here we saw his two nieces, daughters of the absent banker, pleasant-looking girls, their hair done in numerous long plaits, "à la Turka," and wearing pink cotton skirts and white jackets. They spoke only Turkish, but were almost too shy to speak at all; and they merely shook hands and disappeared.

The room we were in was very clean, lined with wood, and furnished with pretty carpets, plenty of cushions, and two chairs. The windows were covered by lattices like those of the Turkish women's apartment; and, instead of doors, screens of sheepskin neatly finished hung in the doorways. A servant maid brought coffee, and afterwards a tray with biscuits and sheep's-milk cheese—light, rather salt, and pleasant to the taste.

I am familiar with the saying about not "looking a gift horse in the mouth"; but—what a night

we had ! Our minds misgave us the moment we saw the wood lining, but it was too late then to draw back, and it is the disposition of both of us to make the best of what falls to our lot.

When first we entered, an appalling odour assailed us from some horrible place on the ground floor ; but we made haste to reach the top floor, where we took up our position for the night, and threw open all the windows, and soon the odour of roasting fowls, etc., which our cook was preparing for supper, helped to counteract the other. The supper was excellent of its kind—chickens, a variety of fresh vegetables, and boiled rice and milk. The night was cool, a soft breeze entering by the open windows fanned us pleasantly. Our camp beds had been put up in the inner room, which was only partly separated from the other by a light wooden partition. According to my custom, when travelling in Turkey, I went to sleep the moment my head touched the pillow. As the story books say, “ how long I slept I know not”. Gradually I became conscious of a sensation as of red-hot pins being stuck into my face, neck and hands. I awoke. I shook off something that was moving on my hand, stretched over for

the matches, and lit the candle which (with my usual forethought) I had placed within reach. Coverlets, pillows and floor were black with a moving mass of "B flats," which, scared by the sudden light, were beating a hasty retreat. I seemed to hear the sound of their trampling hoofs! I looked across at my husband—he slept as placidly as a baby—while from his forehead and cheeks tiny rivulets of blood trickled on to the pillow, and the enemy, leaving their bloody work to speak for itself, sought refuge under the bedclothes, or wherever else they could find it.

It was useless for me to try to get any more sleep that night. Shaking off as well as I could those of the enemy that remained on my bed, I got up to procure some cold water to bathe my wounds. The noise I made awoke my husband.

"Those brutes again!" said he sympathetically; "can't you get any sleep? Odd— isn't it?—that they don't bite *me*."

In the morning we went to call upon the Armenian at his office in an upper storey in the bazaar, to thank him for his hospitality; and I finished my acquaintance with that gentleman by banging my head on the top of the office doorway,

which was less than five feet high. The doors are often so low as to be really dangerous to strangers.

One of the most important persons in a Turkish town is the barber. Although after a certain age all the men seem to cultivate a beard, at no age beyond that of early childhood do they appear to allow hair to grow upon its natural place—namely, their head—and the young dandies have everything shaved except their moustache, in which—like young men elsewhere—they take great pride. As a Turk never shaves himself, it is natural to suppose that the barber's trade is one of the briskest in town. His shop may be recognised a long way off by the row of towels on a string stretched across the street. If you look in as you pass, you may see the patient seated on a kind of ottoman with a towel tied round his neck, his soapy head bowed meekly over a metal basin, which he himself holds in both hands, while the barber performs the operation, and several spectators look on with languid interest, as they suck the pensive *chibouk*, *narghile*, or cigarette, each one waiting his own turn.

When my husband, in the course of a journey, wanted his hair cut, it made quite a stir in our neighbourhood. I recall such an occasion at Ak-

Sheher. One of our kavasses was told to fetch a barber, and, swelling with the importance of his quest, at once began to inquire right and left for the best barber in the town. The news spread through the *khan* in which we were staying, and a kindly neighbour or two sauntered in to see the show. By-and-by the barber arrived, accompanied by two assistants (it always required at least three men to cut the *Tchelebi's* hair), carrying the necessary paraphernalia, and followed by a little queue of spectators from the *tcharshis*, whom he peremptorily dismissed at the door, but who remained to peep through the chinks.

If any man in Turkey knows his business thoroughly, it is the barber. He is sure-handed and expert to a degree. The artist of Ak-Sheher was no exception to the rule, and acted with that perfect assurance of manner which the sense of mastery of his business gives to a man. He salaamed, placed a stool in the middle of the floor, and begged the *Tchelebi* to be seated thereon. Then, taking from one of his assistants a huge silken sheet, he shook it out with a flourish, and dexterously enveloped my husband in its voluminous folds. The shearing with a gigantic pair of scissors

was done in a twinkling, and finished up with one of those modern hair-mowing machines, whose name I don't know. Then came the shampooing—one assistant holding the metal basin under the *Tchelebi's* bowed head, while the other poured warm water on it from a large metal vase with a tap in the bottom, which he held above it, and the barber himself did the scrubbing.

I sat on the end of my camp-bed and looked on. Our own men and the one or two others who were present sat cross-legged on the floor, showing their admiration of the deft performance by an occasional reference to the power of God.

The object of all the fuss was the only person who manifested not the smallest interest in it. He never moved even a finger to help, but remained perfectly passive all the time—regarding it (as he does the fitting on of a new coat or pair of shoes) merely as an unavoidable nuisance. This indifference, which is often painful to the Western tradesman, always made a great impression on the Oriental. To them it indicated that he was much too great a personage to do even the smallest thing for himself, and they respected him accordingly.

CHAPTER II.

THE VILLAGE.

IN the villages the houses are sometimes built of wood, sometimes of stones, but most often of sun-dried mud-bricks. This last kind look quite respectable in fine weather ; but, when it rains, the inexperienced onlooker is appalled by the sight of the village apparently dissolving into liquid mud before his eyes. The roofs are flat and made of the stems of trees, covered first by rushes or pine branches, and then plastered over with a thick layer of mud. In fine weather most of the housekeeping is done on the roof, where the handmill for grinding the corn stands, and a few stones form a rough fire-place for the charcoal fire on which the bread is baked and the family pot boiled. In the towns the bread may be supplied by a baker ; but in the villages, where there are no shops of any kind, each household grinds its own flour and bakes its own bread. This village bread, which is the chief

article of diet in the poorer districts, is usually very vile stuff. It is made in large round scones, hardly thicker than a sheet of brown paper, and cooked for about forty seconds on an iron griddle. You can easily eat one at a mouthful. Fold up in it a little butter and honey, if you can get them, and swallow it with as little mastication as possible, so as to avoid the grit, or sand, or other little hard substances, that are always mixed with the flour.

Besides being the kitchen, in fine weather the flat roof is often used as the sleeping place, being much cooler and pleasanter than the interior of the house, and in a country where bedsteads are unknown it is a simple matter to take one's bed to the housetop. If the village is built on a hillside, which is frequently the case, you can often step from the door of one house on to the roof of the next, and in this way one may walk over almost the whole village. I once rode over the roof of a house and nearly came to grief at the chimney-hole, before I observed that we had arrived at a village at the foot of a hill, down which we had been riding in the dusk. We have on occasion pitched our tent on the roof of a house for want of a more convenient situation.

Sometimes in hot weather the people sleep on the open ground. In the poorer villages candles and lamps are practically unknown. They go to bed at dark and rise at dawn. I remember, one very bright moonlight night, riding through a village on the way to camp, when we were rather belated. I had got close up to the houses, when I suddenly found, to my dismay, that my horse was carefully picking his way over the bodies of the sleeping villagers, who were lying in rows on the ground outside their houses with their faces turned up to the moon. It would have been more dangerous to turn back than to go on, so I left the horse to himself, and he passed over the whole set without touching or waking one of them.

The houses of the villages vary in size and style from the mere hovel to the edifice of two storeys, with stables on the ground floor and various rooms above opening on to a portico or verandah. The larger houses often have a yard enclosed by high walls, or sometimes a garden. Occasionally one comes upon a village where the houses are partly, or even entirely, the rock-cut tombs which a former people have left behind them, and from which the original occupants have long since been

ousted. Sometimes these tombs are very spacious, consisting of several wide and lofty chambers.

The furniture—even of the better class of houses—is very meagre, and consists of little more than a carpet or two, a quantity of bedding, which is rolled up during the day, and a few cooking utensils, coffee-cups, etc. The poorer have less and less, till with the poorest their all is comprised in a few rags and odds and ends, a griddle and a pot, shared sometimes by several families. Even in the better houses no difference is made between the living room and the sleeping rooms. Any room becomes a bedroom at bed-time, when the bedding is spread. Nobody undresses at night—old and young lie down in their clothes and rise as they lie down. Some of the outer garments may be removed. All wash their hands before eating, and generally after also. There are periodical bathings I know, for I have sometimes seen them. But the regular morning wash is not an institution in the Turkish village, and as practised by the archæologist is an unfathomable mystery to the rustic mind. Often my husband (to leave more room for me in the limited space within the tent) would make the most of his morning toilet outside.

When the simple villagers, who had collected in the vicinity at dawn, saw him dip his head in a pail of water, they would turn in astonishment to the men and ask innocently : " What part of his body does that clean ? "

If the villagers happen to possess any clothing besides what is in daily use, it is kept in a sack, just like what they keep their corn in. These sacks are hand-woven, made of white wool, and usually ornamented with some pattern in colour—perhaps merely a mark to know them by. In the poorer villages sewing is not in vogue, and such things as scissors and thimbles are unknown. Even needles and thread are rare in such places, and I have sent a thrill of delight and excitement through the whole population of a village by presenting each of the older women with a needle, which I carried by hundreds for the purpose. I have sometimes felt ashamed at the expressions of gratitude called forth by the gift of a few glass or brass buttons. In richer villages, or in towns, things are not so bad ; but the poorer sort are by far the more numerous.

Soap is another necessary of life unknown in the poorer sort of villages. The different households

do not have different washing-days, but the village washing is done all at once. If there is a river convenient, the washing is done there ; but, if not, the women betake themselves to some well or fountain, bringing the largest available pots to heat water. The clothes are laid upon a big stone, water is poured upon them, and the women then beat them with spade-shaped wooden implements. This kind of treatment is not very good for the clothes, and accounts to some extent for the extremely ragged appearance of the peasantry. One wonders, to see them, how they manage to put such rags on. I remember once being left alone for an hour or two in a house in a very small village, while my husband went off to see some reported antiquity at a distance, taking our men with him. The house was empty at first, the people being out at the harvest ; but by-and-by an elderly man appeared—the master of the house. He was dressed in a brown woollen home-spun suit, which (apparently finding it too warm for the weather) he had come to change. After being in the inner room for some ten minutes, he appeared in ragged white cotton trousers, and carrying what looked like a long string of various coloured rags

dangling from one shoulder. The hut was windowless, and he stood in the sunshine in the doorway for a long time, fumbling with this string of rags. At last, with a grunt of triumphant satisfaction, he thrust his arm through a particular hole, and hitched the thing up on to his other shoulder. I realised then that this was his jacket, and that he had been looking for the second armhole!

Near some of the larger villages and towns, I have seen public washing places walled in, so as to prevent the washers being seen by any too curious passer-by. These places are generally built on the course of a streamlet, so that there is a plentiful supply of water. The Turkish peasant, however, is usually too well bred to so far overstep the bounds of politeness as to stare at such a scene. On various occasions, when we have passed the women of a village engaged in washing their clothes in some sequestered river-nook, or at a lonely spring in the wide plain, far from their dwelling place, I have observed that something interesting in the tree-tops or in the distant prospect kept the attention of our men absorbed till the group was left behind. As we were passing, the women always hid away as well as

they could behind trees or rocks ; or, if on the plain there was nothing higher than the troughs for watering flocks, they crowded together, crouching down in a circle, with their heads all turned to the centre, so that only their backs were visible, like a flock of sheep on a hot day.

The field labour, ploughing, sowing, reaping, etc., is done by the women. In some places also the brick-making and house-building are done by them, and they attend to the horses and cattle, and do all the dirty work. In some districts where wood is very scarce, and where for miles and miles one sees not a single tree, the cow-dung is used as fuel. The women gather it up in their hands, and throw it dexterously against the mud walls of the houses, to which it adheres. In this position it is dried by the sun ; then it is removed and piled up in some corner for winter use and cooking purposes. I have seen piles of this fuel as big as the houses, in villages on the treeless but grassy plains, where cattle are plentiful.

It is not uncommon to see the less indolent men strolling about, or sitting on a log or stone, spinning wool with a distaff or crocheting a sock ; and most of them are handy at making coffee or

doing a little cooking if required. Sometimes, if the harvest be very plentiful, they will lend a hand at gathering it in, and then it is interesting to observe them. The women commence work at daylight, and by-and-by their lords stroll into the field in a leisurely way, and begin to help. About an hour before noon they dine—women and men usually eating apart, though in some places they eat together, according to the custom of the district. The meal probably consists of bread and *yaghurt*—a sour but wholesome curd. When it is over, the women immediately resume work, while the men stretch themselves under some shady tree and sleep till three or four o'clock.

On one of our journeys we had an Albanian kavass with us who used to express great contempt for the Turks when he saw the women working in the fields, and boast that "the wife of Ahmet" remained in the house, so that I began to wonder if among Moalem Albanians women were in a better position. One day we came upon a picturesque group of Arabs—three men and a couple of boys—sitting in a circle by the roadside eating their dinner. A few yards away a

pretty brown-skinned woman sat by herself, waiting patiently till they had done.

"What do you think of that?" I said to the kavass.

"That is very good," said he. "Thus it is with the wife of Ahmet; she may not eat till he has eaten; she may not sit till he gives her leave to do so."

"And your mother," said I, "who, you say, lives in your house, is it the same with her?"

"No," said he with an entire change of voice and expression, "Ahmet may not sit unless his mother gives him permission."

This way of speaking of himself in the third person was characteristic of Ahmet. I have observed it occasionally in other Mohammedans, but never to the same extent. Certainly he was more given to talking of himself than any other man in Turkey I ever spoke to.

When the cutting of the corn is over, the threshing is done in the fields. The corn is laid in a flat circular heap on a smooth threshing-floor with the ears towards the centre. The threshing machine is of wood, one or two feet in breadth and three or four feet long, curving slightly up-

wards at the ends. The underside is stuck full of teeth, made of sharp pieces of flint. Horses or oxen are harnessed to it and driven round and round upon the corn, several people standing on the machine the while to give it weight. As this part of the work is easy and amusing, it is not uncommon to see the men doing it. The process goes on until not only is the corn threshed, but the straw is chopped fine like chaff. When the grain has been winnowed and washed, it is spread upon the household carpets to dry before being stored ; and the chopped straw is used as food for the horses and cattle, which are fed upon it almost entirely. It is stored in heaps, plastered over thickly with mud. I am told that attempts have been made in certain districts to introduce a modern threshing machine, but without success. The new machine did not chop the straw, and it is said that the animals cannot live on the straw, unless it is chopped up fine.

On arriving at a village we would generally draw up our horses in a group, and in a few minutes would be surrounded by most, or all, of its male inhabitants.. If we were not to stop for the night, my husband would begin to ask questions

about the roads, the existence of *yasili-tashlar* ("written stones," *i.e.*, inscriptions), etc., while I, intent upon less important business, kept an observant eye upon the surrounding houses.

Presently from behind the corner of a mud wall would protrude a cautious head, then another and another, while "a grey eye or so," wide with curiosity or astonishment, peered out from the folds of a muslin veil. Then I would throw back my own veil, and nod and smile. On this there would be a flutter of excitement; I would hear the suppressed but astonished exclamation: "Küz, bak, bak, Küz!"—"A woman, look, look, a woman!" Then some officious specimen of the superior sex would turn towards the spot with a shout, "Haidé"—"Away," and the Eves of the village would scurry into their holes like rabbits—to reappear as quickly, however, this time with nodding heads and beckoning fingers. Then I would push my horse through the crowd and betake myself round the corner, "beyond the ken of ungentle men," to let the women have their share of the "show".

I flatter myself that even to the men I was often an object of greater interest than my husband;

and sometimes, after a minute or two, one man after another—always the young ones, for the elders would on no account have shown such reprehensible want of manly dignity—would slink round the corner, and join our party. Sometimes, for fun, I would pretend to be shocked at their presence, and desire the women to send them away. This was always received with peals of laughter by the women ; they would hustle the young men and order them off, and the poor things would immediately withdraw, covered with confusion and blushes.

On such occasions I entertained the women by allowing them to examine my dress, hat, gloves, boots ; and by showing the contents of a little bag that hung on my saddle and held needles, scissors, knife, pencils, note-book,^o revolver, etc., and a supply of sugar or chocolate, which I distributed among them. They very rarely overstepped the bounds of politeness ; and if any one did so, a look of disapproval from me was sufficient to restrain the delinquent, and to draw upon her a sharp reprimand from the others. The conversation consisted entirely of questions and answers of the most personal nature—the first almost invariably

being, "Are you a girl or a wife?"—or of information of the same kind voluntarily bestowed on me. If we did not intend to remain at the village, I seldom went inside the houses, though nearly always invited to do so. All the babies—they were seldom numerous—were shown to me; and, if there happened to be a bride-elect among the girls, she was specially introduced. If I inquired about her *fiancé*, and he happened to be a young man and within reach, he was produced for my inspection whether he liked it or not, and usually he did not. If I happened to have a silver piastre, I bestowed it on the bride. This coin is of the value of twopence-halfpenny. It sounds "real mean"; but as sometimes the whole village did not possess a coin even of that value, it was invariably regarded as a 'charming gift, and gained me as much goodwill as a cheque for £50 similarly bestowed at home would have done. On the babies I generally bestowed a *metalik* (value a halfpenny) "for luck," which gave great satisfaction to the mothers.

The mothers have a very simple and easy plan for protecting their babies from accident, sickness, etc. It is to sew a few blue beads on to some

part of the infant's scanty clothing. Little shells also seem to have a similar effect, and although the child's whole attire may consist of a single ragged jacket, or even of a tiny *fez*, it is invariably ornamented in this way.

The power of the Blue Bead, like the quality of mercy, is not strained. It is far-reaching and universal, a very present safeguard against the power of the Evil Eye, which is the cause of most ills flesh is heir to in Turkey. The belief in its efficacy is shared alike by Mohammedan, Christian, and Jew. I remember on one of our later journeys we had hired horses without seeing them, and the owner sent us a very bad broken-down lot. After a day or two, when the poor animals were becoming worse and worse, my husband announced his intention of paying them off at the first place where it was possible to procure others. Next day I noticed half a dozen blue beads woven into the hairs of the horses' tails, and on making inquiry as to the reason thereof, found that it was the work of the *Katriji* to avert the threatened evil. We had blamed him for under-feeding the horses ; but the idea of propitiating the evil power by giving them more

barley had apparently not occurred to him. I recollect another instance of the same kind on the part of some Greek carriage drivers near Smyrna. At the railway station at Bournabat, about four miles from Smyrna, a cab-driver, recklessly trying to cross the line in front of an engine that was being shunted, had one of his pair of horses killed. Next day every cab-horse at the station had a string of blue beads round its neck.

Faith in the Evil Eye and its antidote is not confined entirely to the uneducated. I remember a rather comic example of this. I was walking one day in Athens with my little girl who was about three years old. She was clothed in white and wore black socks, and for want of anything better I had pinned a bow of black ribbon on her white cotton bonnet. In a quiet street near the university I met a Greek lady and gentleman—entire strangers to me. They observed the child and made some remark to one another as they passed. Then they turned and came back. Lifting his hat, the gentleman inquired, with a slight apology and in a voice shaken by emotion :—

“Is that sweet child’s mother dead?”

“No,” said I.

"Her father?" said he.

"No," said I.

"Who then?" said he.

"Nobody," said I.

He glared at me a moment in speechless indignation, then finding his tongue once more, poured forth a volley of angry words, stamped his foot at me, and ordered me at once to remove the black ribbon and go home and put on a blue one. His companion joined in reproaching me for my wickedness in thus exposing the innocent babe to the danger of the Evil Eye. These people, as I said before, were entire strangers to me. I may add that, out of consideration for their evident kindly feeling towards the child, I at once removed the offending ribbon and put it in my pocket.

But I have been getting away from Turkey, so—to return.

Blue beads only help one to avoid the Evil Eye, not to escape the consequences when one has already fallen a victim to the sinister power. For that a more or less elaborate ceremony is required according to the custom of the place and the religion of the people. For example, when my baby had the misfortune once to come under the bane-

ful influence while we were living at Bournabat, the cure proposed and practised by the kindly old lady (Levantine by race and Catholic by religion), in whose house we lived, was fumigation with the smoke from a burning twig of olive, which had been consecrated to such purposes by the priests. I held the baby on my knee. The Greek servant-maid brought a small brass vessel with some live charcoal on it, such as she would have brought for any smoker to light his *narghilé*. *Kokona* Mariana (my landlady) laid the olive twig on the hot coal, and, when it began to smoulder, fanned the smoke towards the baby, till that little person was enveloped in clouds, to her great delight. The old lady murmured a prayer (or incantation?) the while, and afterwards pronounced the cure an entire success, as the baby was quite well next day.

Mohammedan cures are sometimes even more simple than this (see p. 226).

Besides this belief in the Evil Eye which is prominent everywhere, one sometimes comes upon a bit of interesting superstition, although the casual stranger is not likely to see so much of that sort of thing as one living among the people for years. In Turkey as elsewhere, for example, the stork and

the swallow are sacred. But I used to notice also that vultures seemed to be regarded by the people with a superstitious dread. Our men hated to interfere with these birds, and if we came upon a flock of them gorging themselves on some hapless camel or horse or sheep that had died on the road, they would pass silently by, keeping out of the way as much as possible, eyeing the horrible creatures askance with a shudder, as, startled from their prey, they rose with protesting shrieks, and with their scraggy necks and long legs dripping with gore.

In 1891 we had with us two men who were a great contrast to each other. One was a Yuruk named Bekir, an honest lout, well-meaning and stupid and of little use : the other, an Albanian, intelligent, smart and devoted to me. He had been kavass at the French consulate in Smyrna, knew a little French, had seen something of men and manners, and was somewhat "advanced" in his views. One day we were riding among some low hills along a caravan road. The *Tchelebi* rode first, Ali next, a few yards in front of me, and Bekir behind. I saw Ali raise his gun and fire. A flock of vultures rose screaming, and soared away. Bekir gave a kind of cry, passed me at a gallop, and draw-

ing up beside Ali, seized his gun and spoke in excited tones. The other laughed. Then Bekir came back to me and implored me to order Ali not to shoot the vultures. I could not make out what his reason was, but Ali explained. He said :—

“Bekir believes that when bad men die their souls go into these birds. If the vultures live for a hundred years, the souls get another chance ; but if the vultures are killed before their time the poor souls are lost for ever.”

Bekir listened earnestly and then said to me :—

“ Tell him ”.

So I told Ali he had better confine his shooting to partridges.

It is only natural that those ignorant people should have a superstitious feeling about the “written rocks” and “strange monuments of antiquity which abound in some districts—often the loneliest and least inhabited—and that they should believe such things to be under the protection of spirits. The story is often told about some “written rock” that some man has tried to break it to get at the treasure concealed inside, or has begun to dig to find the treasure that is buried near, when suddenly the earth shook and he heard a terrible voice

roaring at him, so that he fled in fear. The man to whom this has happened will tell you about it himself with perfect sincerity. For my own part as a "cannie Scot," nurtured from babyhood on ghosts and "fairlies," I would not like to say that there is not something in such beliefs.

Archæologists are always supposed to be in search of treasure. What other motive can they have for toiling about, examining all those mysterious old monuments and places? The peasants know nothing of history, or of the peoples who preceded them. Traditions and tales they have, of course, of some of which we heard and saw a little now and then; but they are as ignorant of history or of any ordinary intellectual knowledge as a two-year-old European baby. It is not their nature to make any attempt to better their own condition; but a stroke of fortune—a lucky find—is always possible. The idea of working to make money rarely enters their head; but they love to dream of finding the wealth which some one else has accumulated and buried.

Although the Turkish peasant accepts unresistingly the decree of fate, and endures the ills of life without any effort to better them, he is at

the same time quite as ready to accept such alleviations of his lot as fate may send. His belief in the power of medicine, for example, is profound—as profound and almost as touching as his belief in the simple good faith of every casual stranger who crosses his path. He will accept from the hand of an absolute stranger any medicine the stranger may be willing to bestow—and not only accept it, but eat it there and then, no matter how nauseous its taste or smell. It is, therefore, a good plan for the traveller to carry a supply of, let us say, pills of aloes, or some other bitter compound, to bestow on the simple native and thus gain his goodwill. A sufficient supply of quinine ought also to be taken, so that one may doctor fever-stricken people when the chance offers—which is frequently. I have seen nine grains of quinine cure, for the time at least, an old man who had been suffering from fever at regular intervals for years, and who out of gratitude was ready to do anything for us. But except in cases of fever, any nasty-tasting stuff will do—the nastier the better. The patient appears to enjoy it, and to be grateful for it in proportion to the badness of the taste. If you bestow upon him pills, he will not swallow

them whole, so as to get them down in the shortest possible way : he sucks them slowly, so as to enjoy the full flavour, while the rest of the village look on in admiration and envy. Sometimes people suffering from disease, such as goitre or sore eyes, were brought to us to be cured, and it was always a matter of great regret to us when we could do nothing for them. In such cases the gift of a little tea and sugar sent them away comforted for the moment.

Faith in the stranger's power and wisdom is sometimes shown in other ways. When we stayed for a day or two at any place, and the people had the chance of seeing mysterious operations with a prismatic compass, a sextant, or a photographic camera, and equally mysterious writing in books of results obtained, they usually came to the conclusion that the *Tchelebi* was a wizard and possessed supernatural power and knowledge. Once a man came to us, accompanied by most of his fellow-villagers, to beg that the *Tchelebi* would tell him where his cow was, as that important member of his family had been lost for several days and could not be found. It was no use for the *Tchelebi* to say that he couldn't, for they would only have

thought that he didn't wish to take the trouble. It was better to humour them. So he told them to stand in a circle and remain perfectly silent, and those elderly children ranged themselves around, some with gaping mouths of wonder, others with lips tightly compressed for fear an inadvertent word should escape. Then the *Tchelebi* placed his compass on a stone, and told them to watch the needle, and it would point in the direction in which the cow was. The village happened to lie on the southern side of a mountain range, so the needle pointed to the mountains. They asked why the cow had not returned, and he answered: "She is hurt," thinking that was probably the reason. Then all the company, except the very laziest, set off over the hills. In a few hours they returned, bringing the wanders with them. And sure enough the poor beast had been attacked and torn by wolves, and they had arrived just in time to rescue her.

In the villages the *musafir-oda*, or "guest-house," takes the place of the *khan*. In it the wayfarer finds rest, food, and shelter for himself and horse—nominally without money and without price. In most places, however, *bakshish* is ex-

pected, and accepted when offered. It even may be demanded, but this is the exception, not the rule, and the offer of payment is in some cases refused. The "guest-house" may belong to the whole village, or it may be owned by some rich man, hospitality to strangers being a rule of the Mohammedan religion. Besides, this kind of public hospitality brings its dispenser *eclat*, and the Turk likes to keep open house, and in the giving of alms is not concerned to prevent his left hand knowing what his right does.

The "guest-house" varies in size and comfort according to the circumstances of the village, or the means and ideas of the owner, from a commodious dwelling-house with stabling for a good number of horses, to a mere hovel consisting of four mud walls and a roof, which the traveller shares with his horse and with other strangers like himself.

When not given up to the use of guests, the *musafir-oda* occupies a similar position to the British public-house or village club-house, only there is, of course, no "bar". It is here that the men of the village meet to smoke, if they have any tobacco, and to discuss affairs, if there

is anything to talk about ; or merely to "loaf" and do nothing, when there is neither subject for discussion nor tobacco to smoke, which is not infrequently the case. The Turk is no great talker at any time ; but in the art of "loafing" he is ever an adept ; and with a good "loafer" a little conversation goes a long way.

When I was with my husband we nearly always had our tent, so that we were independent of house accommodation at night, except in very stormy weather, or on account of some accident. But sometimes we travelled without a tent ; and on other occasions also it has been my lot to rely for nightly shelter on the "guest-house". In May, 1888, we made a short journey—about a fortnight—without a tent. One night we spent in a private house and one on the open ground. The rest were spent in various "guest-houses," good, bad, and indifferent. One of the worst was at a large village, called Badinlar, among the hills on the southern side of the Mæander, about two days' ride from Seraikeui, which was then the terminus of the Ottoman Railway. We had had a hard day's ride over paths so rough that they were less like roads

than the dry beds of mountain torrents; and we were dead tired. The "guest-house" was a tumble-down mud building inside a narrow yard. It consisted of a stable, dark and reeking, with two small, dark, stuffy rooms and a little open verandah above. It was almost impossible to breathe in the rooms, so we remained in the verandah. At one end was a fireplace which our servants at once took possession of to cook the dinner.

Soon the elders of the village began to make their appearance, one by one, and gradually filled all the available space. Those nearest the servants watched the cooking, and those who couldn't see the cooking watched my husband and me, as we reclined on our blankets and quilts at the other end of the gallery. On the flat roof of a house opposite, a small crowd of boys assembled and stared down at us. One was conscious that the slightest movement—a yawn, a sigh, a change of position,—caused a flutter among those lynx-eyed watchers, and it added to one's weariness. The only woman we saw was a poor, ragged, wretched-looking old creature, who followed her husband into the yard carrying on her back a sack of hay for

the horses. She emptied out the hay at the foot of the stair, and then her dirty ragged old brute of a husband said to her, in a tone he might have used to an intrusive cur, "Git!"—"Go!" and she threw the empty sack across her shoulder and went meekly without a word, while her lord and master ascended the ladder, and took his place in the gallery beside the other elders.

After dinner our men hung a carpet across the gallery and another along the front of our part, and with this pretence of privacy we went to sleep. At dawn I was awakened by feeling the covering drawn softly from my face and hearing a whispered exclamation of "Mashallah". A woman, determined doubtless to gratify her curiosity in spite of men and fate, had stolen in barefooted without disturbing our slumbering servants. Having gained her point, she made a hasty exit, stumbled, and roused the men, who, vexed no doubt at their own lack of watchfulness, abused her roundly as she fled.

As there were inscriptions to see and copy both in the village and in the neighbourhood, we remained a second night at Badinlar. In spite of the miserable condition of the "guest-house," and

the dirty and ragged appearance of the people, this is one of the few villages where I have seen any trade practised. In several of the houses I noticed a small loom on which a coarse but rather pretty muslin, white with a red stripe, was being woven by the women. Dyeing was also an industry of the place, and we made the acquaintance of the dyer, a small anxious-looking man, whose hands and arms were stained purple to the elbow.

This man interested me, so I will record the little interlude in his history in which we took part. He made his appearance early in the morning after our arrival and offered to conduct us to a "written stone" he knew of. The stone, he said, was shaped like a column—a common shape for Roman mile-stones, so it might be important. The place was a good way off, on the other side of the Mæander. That river was, we knew, in flood from recent rain, and was said to be unfordable, so our guide led us by a long and circuitous route over the hills, descending by a steep, narrow path into the valley, to where the river rushed, yellow with foam, among huge rocks; sending showers of spray over its green and wooded banks. A flimsy-looking bridge of wood and clay stretched in spans

of unequal length from one point of rock to another, and trembled unpleasantly as we crossed one by one, leading our horses.

An hour's ride down the river brought us to where the stone lay in a field of opium, which is much cultivated in the district. The dyer led the way at once to the spot ; but the poor little man had reckoned without his host. As we came in sight of the stone—a slender column lying prostrate on the ground—two women who were working in the field darted forward and took possession by sitting down upon it. The dyer, without so much as a word of protest, retired to a very respectful distance. My husband and I coaxed, entreated, and tried to bribe them in vain. They answered only with violent and abusive words. Then our kavass, who had been lagging behind, arrived on the scene and drove them off with language similar to their own, threatening them with the butt end of his gun. They rose screaming, like vultures driven from their prey. The inscription proved to be merely a few words recording a vow. We had wasted a whole morning, but such is sometimes the archæologist's luck.

Anxious to lose no more precious time, my hus-

band asked our guide if he was quite sure the river was unfordable. The dyer, whose spirits had risen wonderfully on receipt of the reward he had been promised for showing the inscription, replied cheerfully that only a short time before a party of ten people had attempted the ford, and but one had survived to tell the tale; but if we wished it he would try. We did wish it, so we proceeded to the river, which was quite near. The water had risen high over the banks, which at the ford were low and flat, and rushed along like a mill-race. But our little guide, who had cowered and quailed at the voices of two angry women, heard the roar of waters unappalled, and pitted his puny strength against their power. He pulled off his trousers, put his shoes inside them, and hung them across his shoulder. Then feeling his way with a stout stick that he carried, he stepped boldly into the stream. We shivered with apprehension for him as he slowly made his way further and further in. When he had crossed about a third of the way he stopped, with the water up to his breast, turned to face us, planted himself firmly and put up one hand as a sign to us to come on. The horses were most unwilling to enter, but when my husband forced

his in the others readily followed. I know for my part I had to turn my horse's head almost straight up-stream, and I could feel it forcing its way against the pressure of the flood. The rushing of the water gave one the impression of going rapidly up-stream, and made one feel almost dizzy. I put both feet up on the horse's neck, to keep them out of the water, which reached over its girths, and felt thankful when I saw our little guide standing safe and sound on the further bank—to say nothing of ourselves.

Our next resting-place was Seurlar, a sort of country town which has a considerable trade in carpet-weaving. The "guest-house" consisted of eight or nine small rooms and one large one, enclosing a long narrow yard. The large room was built somewhat in the form of a triangle with its base (which was open) towards the yard. Outside the open end was a wide verandah, over which a thick vine was trained to form a bower, and in the yard were several big trees. At the narrow end of the room was a *jami* (a shallow, pointed niche), which marked it as a place of prayer, and showed the direction which the worshippers should face. In each of the white-washed side walls was a row

of deep, narrow windows. A wide dais spread with carpets extended all round, leaving only a small part of the mud floor visible.

As all the other rooms were low in the roof with small windows looking into the yard, they were too close for our taste, so we left the men to choose which they preferred, while we betook ourselves into the mosque (as it appeared to be), and seated ourselves on the dais near the nice cool verandah.

Presently a ragged old man in a dirty green turban (which marked his descent from the Prophet) came with a large wooden jar of water on his back and emptied its contents into a still larger one of earthenware fixed into a corner of the verandah. Turning the wooden jar upside down on the top of the other, he proceeded to light a lamp which swung from the roof (daylight was rapidly fading), and having done this looked at us and said solemnly, "Hosh geldin"—"Welcome," then shuffled slowly off, taking the empty jar with him.

In a minute or two four or five other men dropped in, greeted us, and sat down on the dais opposite. They looked as if they had just been roused from sleep, and yawned loudly and stretched

their arms, with various grunts and groans, while they exchanged friendly remarks with us. It was during the month of *Ramazan*, and they had doubtless been sleeping away the long day of fast. It was now sunset, however, and soon from some neighbouring minaret was heard the call to prayer. The whole set scrambled to their feet, went to the water-jar in the corner, dipped out some water in a tin pan, and washed their hands by pouring water over them, using any convenient part of their garments as towels. Then they came back, faced the *jami*, and began to say their prayers. While they were thus employed another man came hurrying in, a nice-looking, well-dressed fellow, younger than the others. He took a freshly lit cigarette from his lips as he entered, handed it to the *Tchelebi* with a sign to him to smoke, and joined in the prayers.

The service lasted only a few minutes, and the moment it was over the old man in the green turban reappeared with supper—breakfast would perhaps be the more appropriate name for it. The old fellow spread a cloth on the floor, placed on it a small stool upside down and on that laid the table—a large metal tray containing several small dishes of meat and vegetables and

some bread. It looked to me but a meagre repast for half a dozen hungry men. The last comer, who turned out to be the owner of the place, politely invited us to eat with them; but we gratefully declined, explaining that our own dinner was in course of preparation.

The meal over, old green-turban cleared away the things and swept the floor, while the others washed their hands once more. Then he brought in coffee, *tchibuks* and "hubble-bubbles," and we all sat and chatted in the most amicable style. Some of them remembered a former visit of my husband and were very cordial. One old man had been a soldier and had fought in the Crimean war.

While we were eating our dinner more men kept coming in, till there were between twenty and thirty, and the conversation, instead of becoming more lively, languished till it all but died. Outside, darkness had fallen. Within, the single flickering lamp shed a fitful light that glimmered on the dark faces and gleaming eyes of the Turks, and threw out sharply the whites and reds of their garments against the background of changing shadows. One of the men was an *imam* in a white turban and black robe, whose

harsh and haughty countenance with its deep-set eyes was turned ever in our direction, while he silently sucked at the huge amber mouthpiece of his "hubble-bubble".

During the month of *Ramazan*, when between sunrise and sunset neither food nor drink—not so much as a mouthful of water—passes the lips of the faithful Moslem, and even the use of the soothing tobacco is strictly prohibited, the Turks are, not unnaturally, supposed to be in a more than usually fanatical and irritable temper. And here were a couple of strangers and infidels coolly coming among them uninvited, taking up a position in their very mosque itself, and actually eating their dinner there! and—further aggravation!—one of these strangers was a woman! I began to consider *all this*, as I looked round from one pair of steady eyes to another, glowering out of the flickering shadows. What an absurd situation!

About nine o'clock was heard again the call to prayers from the neighbouring minaret, and the ancient serving man appeared once more carrying a large carpet. The Turks put down their pipes and again struggled to their feet, with many a lazy

grunt and groan, and went out to wash their hands. The *imam* spoke to a young boy who was in the company, and who at once went out into the yard and chanted the call to prayers. Then the *imam* took his position on the carpet which had been spread in front of the *jami*. All stood facing in the same direction. The *imam* chanted a few words, and there was an answering murmur in a score of different voices, and different keys. Soon, however, all got into time, following with perfect accuracy the voice and motions of the priest, who repeated the prayers with great rapidity.

There is so much movement and genuflection in the Mohammedan service that it seems to have the same effect on the worshippers as a turn at gymnastics has on a set of sleepy school-children. It lasted half an hour, and at the end of it they were all as lively as crickets, and the conversation was resumed with vigour and cheerfulness.

About ten we made up our minds to go and sleep in one of the small rooms, as we felt a certain diffidence about turning them out. However, no sooner did we show signs of retiring than the host at once wished us good-night and withdrew with the entire company. Before leaving the place

finally, he helped our men to hang carpets along the open end of the room. Then we were left to ourselves in peace.

A final touch of the romantic and picturesque is given to the Turkish village by the presence of great wolf-like dogs, which, while they seem to live in wholesome dread of their own people, and do not attack them, are a constant danger to unwary strangers. They are about the size of a big collie, with, as a rule, extremely thick shaggy hair, although there is a short-haired variety. The shaggy kind are beautiful creatures, either snow-white or light yellow in colour. They are highly prized by their owners, who bitterly resent any injury done them. I have been told that to kill one may cost a man his life. The only thing they appear to be afraid of is stones, and you can sometimes manage to keep one at bay just by holding in your hand a stone—or something that looks like one—and threatening to throw it. If you do throw it and miss—woe betide you!

These dogs are not trained to herd the sheep as our sheep-dogs are, but seem to exist only to protect the flocks and shepherds from wild beasts and robbers, and that is probably one

reason why they regard all strangers with dislike and suspicion.

I remember a rather unpleasant adventure I once had with one of them. We were staying for a day or two in the "guest-house" of a village. The basement was occupied by the stables, and above were several rooms. It was a good house built of wood. I had been left alone by some chance, and, like Bluebeard's wife on a similar occasion, began to open the various doors to see what might be on the other side. I found one that opened on to the flat roof of the next house lower down the hillside, and at once stepped out to make further explorations. Just as I crossed the threshold an enormous head with glaring eyes and snarling jaws set with horrible fangs appeared above the edge at the farther side; and before I could retreat through the door a monster dog bounded on to the roof, sprang at my throat, and just missing that seized my clothes in his teeth and tore them to rags. I shrieked. Fortunately for me our muleteer had chanced to return, and was ascending the house-stair at the moment. He heard my cry and the worrying sounds made by the dog, guessed in a moment what was taking

place, and rushing up felled the creature with a loose plank he had managed to lay hold of on the way. He was an Armenian named Hagob, and by no means a shining example of righteousness; but he did me a good turn that time and I shall never forget him, nor how, his face ghastly with dread and horror, he folded me gently in his arms, thinking I was hurt. I wasn't in the least. Only my dress was torn to ribbons, and I had had a horrible fright. Luckily I don't faint or feel overcome on such occasions. The whole affair occupied only a few moments. The owners of the dog—some women—had appeared on the roof immediately after Hagob, and were very sympathetic and apologetic, and kicked their dog away when it had recovered the power of motion. Next day they invited me to visit them in their house, which I did, when a pretty little girl of ten or twelve was told off to sit upon the dog all the time to ensure its quiescence.

On another occasion I was menaced by three of these dogs and scared nearly out of my wits. Early one day we had ridden into a small but prosperous-looking town, where there were innumerable inscriptions on blocks of white marble

built into the walls of the mosques and houses, and even into the mud walls of the gardens. At a certain corner in the middle of the town was a beautiful fountain built almost entirely of inscribed blocks. We dismounted and sent the servant away to stable the horses, and while the *Tchelebi* stopped to copy the stones of the fountain, I strolled round the corner to see what was to be seen. There was nobody about. A few yards round the corner was a big open gate-way. I stopped and peeped in. Up sprang a canine fiend with a bark and a growl—then another and another. Flight was hopeless, as they could run much faster than I could. I pulled out my revolver, backed into the corner made by the gate and the wall, and while I threatened the dogs with the revolver (which they took for a stone and waited for me to throw, before they sprang to rend me), I shouted alternately "Willie," to attract the attention of my husband, and "Ust," which is the correct thing to say to dogs, and means "begone". Neither of these words had any effect on the dogs; and my husband, alas! was out of hearing, the wind being in the wrong direction. Then I thought I would fire a shot, which my husband might hear, and which, at

the same time, might frighten the dogs. But it was a bitterly cold day, and while riding my hands had become so benumbed with cold that I could not pull the trigger ! What was I to do ? I cast a despairing glance at the house across the yard, and saw a woman standing on the balcony with folded arms calmly contemplating me and the dogs !

I shouted to her in great anger and in bad Turkish—for I was too agitated to choose my words : “ Call off your dogs or I’ll shoot them ”. Either she didn’t know how vain was the threat, or she considered that the proper time had come for her interference. Any how, she came down, stoned the dogs and drove them inside, and politely invited me into her house. I did not accept her invitation.

Once, while we were living near Smyrna, my husband brought with him from the interior a puppy of one of these dogs, as a gift to the baby. It was only a few weeks old when we got it ; but in a few months it was a good deal bigger than the baby (who was over two years old), and although a beauty, white as snow with black eyes and a black nose, it began to show vicious tenden-

cies. One day, when it was gnawing a bone, the baby passed near it—it turned and made a snap at her leg. Then I took it and beat it. I spent two hours in beating it and making it put down its bone and pick it up, and give it to the baby or to me as I desired. It was the only beating it ever had, and from that time it became inordinately fond of me and obeyed my lightest word, and never attempted to bite any one in the house again. As it grew up, however, it became a terror to the neighbourhood. It used to lie in wait for the youthful Greek who brought home the bread from the oven, whose bare legs, as he wore shoes but no stockings, offered to it an irresistible temptation. At last no stranger dared to enter the gate without first calling upon some member of the household to act as escort. When we left, *Kokona* Mariana, our landlady, kept "Yuruk," as we called him; but, as he attacked her next lodger to the danger of his life, she was obliged regretfully to send the animal away. She was very fond of him and considered him a great protection to her house, and with her he was gentle as a lamb.

CHAPTER III.

THE BURYING-GROUND.

THE cemetery which is beside every village often covers a far larger space than the village itself. The Christian burying-ground is, I think, always enclosed, often with a high stone wall. Near towns this is generally the case with the Turkish burying-ground also, though the walls are lower and often crumbling in decay, being either of stones or mud. But the village cemeteries are often unenclosed, and new graves are made as required round the old ones, so that the cemetery spreads in any direction, sometimes reaching almost to the doors of the houses. At other times it may be a little distance away.

When a Turkish cemetery is enclosed, no gateway or gap is left, but entrance is gained by a short flight of steps on either side of the wall, over which the uncoffined dead are carried, wrapped mummy-wise in linen or cotton cloths. Outside

the entrance there is a large flat stone on which the body rests during the part of the burial service which takes place outside. The grave is shallow, but the earth is piled high above it and built round with rough stones, from hill-side or river-bed, to keep it in place. Near towns and in more civilised places the cemeteries are planted with dark, stately cypress trees, which seem to be rarely allowed to grow anywhere else, and which lend a sweet and solemn beauty to even the most neglected spots. Here too the graves of men are distinguished by a narrow headstone, surmounted by a turban and perhaps ornamented by some further emblem, such as a sword or a hammer, indicating the man's profession or walk in life ; or there may be an inscription. The gravestones of women and girls are flat and pointed, and generally ornamented with some slight carving. On the tombstones of young girls, a lily with the stem broken and the flower drooping is very common.

But in the village cemetery are none of these things. Lonely and neglected and quickly forgotten lie the village dead. The graves seem huddled together in any direction, marked at head and foot by fragments of rock from the nearest

hill-side, but with nothing to distinguish one from another. The heavy rains flatten the loosely built mounds and wash down the soft soil and loose stones, and the fragments of rock tilt this way and that, or topple over entirely—nobody knows and nobody cares.

Between death and burial there is little delay. I presume this is the custom in all hot countries; but I must say the Turks appear to me to get rid of their dead with almost startling speed. I remember an instance of this which occurred during the last journey I made, in 1891. • We were on our way to the Cilician Gates and were following the great road through Cappadocia. At one part this road passes through a narrow glen down which flows a stream, and near the entrance of the glen is a village named Ulu-Kishla—the Long-Barracks, from the remains of a magnificent Seljuk building, apparently a halting place for soldiers. It is called by the old Arab historians “The Camp of the King of the Romans”. We arrived about two o'clock in the afternoon, but as we both had fever and were feeling seedy we decided to camp there for the night.

The village was almost deserted, the people

being at their *yaila*, or summer quarters, and we found only a few women who were too old either to work in the fields or to care for change, and two men who had returned temporarily, on some business of their own, earlier in the day. The men took us to a house and did their best for our entertainment, while our own people pitched the tent and made the usual preparations for dinner, etc. We had been admiring the carpet on which we sat, and our host had gone to his private house and produced several new ones of the same kind, which were made by his own women, and which we were in the act of purchasing, when a young man came running in great haste from the *yaila* to announce that a kinsman of our host had died suddenly in the field, from sunstroke. Our host received the news with calmness, asked the messenger a few questions, and then begged us to excuse him for the moment, as it was necessary that he should go and look after the bringing home of his dead kinsman.

A few minutes after the arrival of the messenger, two or three other men made their appearance and set about various preparations. Two, armed with spades, hurried off to the cemetery, which

was close by, to dig the grave. Two more lit a fire of dry leaves, grass, and wood, outside the door of one of the houses, fixed a tall tripod over it, and hung up a huge iron caldron of water to boil. In a short time we heard coming down the valley a sound of distant wailing. It rose and fell on the faint breeze, coming ever nearer and growing louder. I went out of the porch to look, and saw, winding slowly down the road, a long straggling procession, headed by a horse on which was tied the body of the dead man. Three or four hundred people—men, women, and children—followed—the women shrieking and wailing, beating their breasts and clapping their hands.

As they came nearer, I saw that our host walked by the horse's head. When they reached us, we quietly joined the procession, behind the dead man, and Ali, one of our kavasses, followed. Those nearest made room for us and no one made any objection to our presence.

The horse was led into the little courtyard, followed by as many of the crowd as could crush in, precedence being given to the women ; and the dead man was carried up and laid in his own porch. Here his family surrounded him, with as many other

women as the porch could contain, while others crowded the narrow stair, I, of course, remaining in the yard below. Then the shrieking and howling were renewed with redoubled vigour. Some of the women had babies on their backs or in their arms, who were frightened and cried piteously. Immediately after we entered two men appeared with a wooden bier—it was simply a four-legged table, slanting instead of level. A great bunch of yellow flowers was placed at the head for a pillow, and then the dead man was carried down and laid on it. The men who brought the bier went off and quickly returned, carrying the caldron of hot water slung on a pole on their shoulders. Two or three of the very oldest men then threw off their *kafians*, rolled up their sleeves, girt themselves with huge bath towels which they took from a sack, and began to prepare the dead man for burial.

He was a tall and powerfully built man, and did not appear to have been more than thirty-five or thirty-six years of age. His eyes and mouth were closed and his face looked like wax in spite of the sunburn. His arms were still limp, and his head rolled from side to side as they moved him. They took off his turban and handed it to his mother,

who buried her face in it and wept. Then they took off his sash and handed it to his wife, and she cried aloud and passionately kissed it. It was a very pitiful sight; and, although I felt no inclination to join in the shrieking, I could not help crying in sympathy with those poor women. Before removing his jacket and shirt, they spread a towel as big as a sheet over him, and then his wife was made to come and wash his head. How tenderly she did it, her tears falling on his face the while! The rest of the washing and the wrapping up of the body in long swathes of white calico were done by the old men, the body being kept carefully covered all the time, although the washing was most thorough, and they used any quantity of soap and water. Ali, who was near me most of the time, expressed great disapproval of the presence of women, and said it was not proper, and among his people (he was an Albanian) would not be allowed. These people, however, are Turkmen, and their customs are different from those of other Moslems. The women were not veiled, and seemed to mix quite freely with the men. While the washing of the body was going on, a man came to some women who were near me, silently watching the proceed-

ings, and told them to leave the yard. I asked him if I was to go, but he answered, "No, no". Afterwards I asked the women why they were turned out, and they said it was because they didn't wail, and nobody that didn't wail was wanted there. I said I didn't wail. They answered that with me it was different, as I was a stranger and only wanted to look. I asked why they had not wailed, and they said they had no special reason, they just didn't feel inclined.

Wrapped in his mummy-like bandages the dead man was then placed on a wooden stretcher, on which a beautiful carpet had been spread, and his *kafian* of pale blue cloth, with gold embroidery on the breast and collar, was thrown over him. Two men carried him forth, and everybody else followed, this time the shrieking women being in the rear—several of them had worked themselves up into a state of frantic excitement. The stretcher was placed on the stone outside the cemetery, the men formed in a double row behind it, and a religious service was performed, led by a young dervish, whom I now observed for the first time. The women and children crowded together at a little distance, the former still howling. When the body

was taken into the cemetery, all the men followed, but none of the women except the mother and the wife. When the body was placed in the grave, the dead man's father, weeping the while, scattered the first earth with his hands; and when the mound was piled up, patted it and smoothed it. Then every one knelt down, one man being at the head of the grave and another at the foot, their hands crossed, with the palms together, on their knees. The "headman" of the village chanted something (a prayer I suppose) for a minute or two, then all put up their hands—Ali says it, is the sign of "reading," just as Greeks make the sign of the cross. Finally, a man poured water from a brass ewer over the grave, and all departed.

I had gone close to the wall to see the burial, and during the service I noticed a man take the old mother's hand and lead her away to a corner, where she sat amid her little grandchildren. But the wife remained kneeling by the grave all the time, crying out at intervals and dashing her forehead on the hard ground.

The whole affair, from the arrival of the messenger to the end of the funeral, occupied barely two hours. After apparently cooking and eating

a meal—to judge only from seeing the smoke of their fires—most of the people returned to the *Yasla*. Next morning the father of the dead man came to see us, and seemed quite lively and cheerful.

If an ancient site be within reach, and stones with letters or carving are to be obtained, the Turk has the good taste to prefer them as tombstones to the mere broken fragments of rock, and the cemetery is often a happy hunting ground for the antiquary. Christians as well as Mohammedans make use of ancient stones for their graves, as well as to build into churches and houses ; and the Greek especially seems almost always to have more or less a feeling of reverence for these relics of a former civilisation, and invariably tries to preserve them. The Turkish peasant, on the contrary, makes a point of destroying, when he finds it, any sculpture, however beautiful, that represents the human form.

He has, however, a superstitious awe of letters, and will not break up a "written stone," unless it occurs to him that there may be treasure concealed inside it. The writing (which of course he cannot read) has a mysterious interest for him ; and he

will not destroy even a scrap of paper which bears letters, for fear of destroying some sacred word. Once when I was visiting some Turkish ladies, they displayed for my entertainment, among their knick-knacks and other treasured pretty things, a torn scrap of a Russian newspaper, which they kept in a box wrapped in innumerable folds of silk and gauze. They asked me to read it, which I was unable to do ; and then they inquired if it contained any holy words. I thought it very unlikely ; but of course I didn't know and said so ; and they enfolded it once more in its wrappers of silk, and put it carefully away.

The people never seemed to have any objection to our examining the stones in their graveyards. On the contrary, once my husband had made friends with them and they knew what he wanted, they entered heartily into the work, and would lend a hand to reverse those stones that had tumbled over, or that had been placed upside down, which was commonly the case, and would watch with great interest as he copied the letters into his *kitab*. Never on any occasion did I see them restore to its place a stone that had been moved.

Once when I had been left by myself in a cemetery to look for inscriptions, some half-dozen big boys collected behind the wall and threw stones at me. I ran at them with my riding-whip, but they kept well out of reach. After they had thus assaulted me two or three times, and my powerlessness to retaliate was increasing their boldness, I set off towards the village and complained to some men I met on the way. They espoused my cause at once, stalked and captured my assailants, and to my great satisfaction treated them to a good thrashing all round.

CHAPTER IV.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

IN regard to the seclusion of women a considerable variety of custom prevails. You may enter a village and find not a woman visible ; or if you do catch a glimpse of one, her head and face are entirely concealed by her veil—this being so even in the case of quite young girls. In the next village, two hours away perhaps, the women have no veils at all, and will sit side by side with the men and talk to you round the camp-fire. Then again you come to still another village where the men and women do not appear to mix freely together, but where the grown women make only a pretence of hiding their faces, and the half-grown girls make none.

In districts where veiling is the custom the attitude of the women towards strangers is sometimes extremely comic. If you are a man and meet a number of them coming along a road, they immediately stop and turn their backs to you, to

wait till you pass. If there is a wall or a hedge, they will stand with their faces close against that ; if there isn't, they will sit down in a row in the dust of the road with their backs towards you, and no amount of polite entreaty will induce them to budge or take the slightest notice of you.

They do, however, sometimes make subtle distinctions in their treatment of members of the excluded sex. I was once much amused by the behaviour of some women and girls who came to call upon me in the "guest-house" of a village where we stopped for a day or two. In this village the use of the *yashmak* prevailed ; but my visitors, five or six in number, removed their veils on coming in, as I was alone. It was a cold day and there was a fire in the room. At either side of the fire-place was a *daïs*, and on one of these I sat "à la Franga," with my feet on the floor. The eldest lady sat cross-legged on the *daïs* by my side, and the others in the same attitude on the ground. By-and-by, an Englishman who was travelling with my husband and me on that occasion—a young fellow of nineteen or twenty—came in and sat down on the *daïs* at the other side of the fire. The women did not put on their veils, nor take the

least notice of his presence, but continued to laugh and chat with me, while he stared at them in silence. About ten minutes later my husband returned, and being unaware (as the other had been) that visitors were with me, walked straight into the room. The moment he entered the women pulled their veils over their faces, and bidding me good-bye immediately withdrew. They had only to step across the roof of the next house to ours in order to reach their own, so they required no seeing off. When they were gone, the young Englishman asked me why they remained unveiled in his presence. I said I didn't know.

"Well," said he with all an English schoolboy's characteristic appreciation of the value of his own charms in the eyes of the inferior sex, and with the contempt for his feminine admirers which accompanies it, "I know they just wanted me to see their faces! I'm sure I don't *admire* them a *bit*!"

Next day I went to return the visit, and inquired of the eldest lady the reason of the difference in their behaviour towards the two gentlemen.

"It is the custom for Moslem women," said she, "to cover their faces in the presence of men, so of course we put on our veils when the *Tchelebi* came

in. As for the other, he was of no consequence—he has no beard.”

Women’s rights of a kind are, it would seem, not entirely unknown in Turkey. The wife is mistress of her own domain. She manages the household and the children; and, when she desires to exclude her lord and master from the harem, a pair of shoes placed at the door, implying that there are visitors within, is usually a sufficient bar to his entrance. The mother is treated by her children with the greatest respect and deference, even when they are grown up; or it might be more correct to say, *especially* when they are grown up, and are able to understand their duty. Grown-up sons, even when they are married, do not sit in presence of their mother without permission. How far the patriarchal system prevails I don’t know, but it is very usual to find among well-to-do people (I can’t say how it is with the poorer) married sons living with their parents or with their widowed mother. In such cases the mother is “boss” of the whole concern. The young wife, or each wife, if there is more than one, has her own private apartment in the establishment, where she is mistress, and in some cases her

own servants or slaves ; but over all the mother-in-law presides, often with an iron rule ; and if she be a widow she is supreme indeed ; her husband being dead, there is no one to gainsay her. If she have wealth (which is not uncommon) she is, I should think, about the most independent person in the country, so far as her dominion extends.

The mothers-in-law are not all "cut out with one pair of scissors," as the Spaniards say, and while some are types of the worst kind of domestic tyranny, others are easy-going and good-natured. In the shelter of the harem, surrounded by all the luxuries of Oriental life and exposed to none of its hardships, the women preserve their good looks quite as long as European women do ; it is the poor peasant woman, working like an ox, badly fed, exposed to all the hardships of endless toil and poverty, who grows old and ugly before her time. The mother-in-law is often a comparatively young woman and good-looking. If she cannot display her charms before the eyes of men, she can, and sometimes does, delight to do so to the admiring, or envious, gaze of her women friends, and then she gives much time and attention to her dress and appearance. On the other hand, many women

in comfortable circumstances become, after a certain age, regardless of their looks and dress, and care only for ease and good living, in which case they usually grow enormously fat, and a Turkish lady of this latter sort is an impressive sight.

The Turks seem to marry young, and old bachelors and old maids are conspicuous by their absence. I never came across either, so far as I am aware. Four wives are, I believe, allowed by the Mohammedan law to such as like to have them ; but polygamy is far from being the rule among ordinary people, and among the poorer classes practically does not exist. It requires some means to comply with the custom of giving each wife her own private apartment, etc. ; and only the wealthy can afford so large an establishment. Even when they can afford it, they don't always do it. I have several times visited houses where there were two wives, but have not personally been acquainted with families where there were more than two.

There is a pretty general belief in this country that Turkish wives are the abject slaves of their husbands, and that the Turkish husband is a sort of Bluebeard in real life. It seems to me that this state of affairs is not nearly so common as outsiders

suppose. It is true that, legally, the Mohammedan wife is her husband's chattel, to do with as seems to him good. I understand that, until very recently—if it is not so still—the British wife occupied much the same position in the eye of the law. But human nature is human nature all the world over, and the ordinary Turkish husband does not appear to avail himself oftener of his legal right to tyrannise over his better half than the British husband does—less often in fact. Cases of brutality on the part of a man towards his wife are a hundred times commoner among the lower classes of this country than they are in Turkey. I once, but only once, saw such a case during my travels in the country.

We had encamped for a single night close to a village at the head of a deep narrow glen—so narrow and so deep that, although one might have thrown a stone across, it took some time to get from one side to the other. The houses of the village covered both sides of the glen from top to bottom. We had arrived late in the afternoon and were starting early, and we had seen nothing of the people beyond a few curious individuals who had come to stare at us in the usual way; for my

husband had been ill, and we did not encourage them. We were just preparing to start. It was a lovely sunny morning, and I was taking a look about, while the men packed up our belongings and my husband made notes of the locality. My attention was attracted by an angry shout from the opposite side of the glen. I looked across and saw a middle-aged man, in peasant garb, shouting and gesticulating violently, and evidently in a very bad temper. He was accompanied by four or five women carrying hoes. I suppose they were going to work in the fields. The man had stopped and turned at the top of a steep road and the women had stopped and turned also. I saw that the angry individual addressed himself to another woman, who was some yards behind, and I made out that he was ordering her to go back to the house. Still farther down the road a wee child, hardly able to walk, was doing its little utmost to overtake the woman.

While the man roared and gesticulated the woman stood still; but the moment he turned his back to continue his way she slowly followed. When this had happened three or four times, his rage became unbounded, he made a rush at her,

lifted her in his two hands high in the air (she was a little bit of a thing), and threw her with all his force against a wall. She did not utter a sound so far as I heard, but lay huddled up and motionless like a bundle of clothes. But the baby, that had by this time almost reached her, lifted up its voice in shrieks of anguish and terror, and the four or five women who were with the man stooped with one accord, each picked up a stone and let fly at him. I think some of them hit him. I sincerely hope they did. He was apparently ashamed of himself, for he took no notice of this action on the part of the women, but walked hastily away leaving them to follow. On hearing the noise, a number of people, both men and women, had come to their doors to see what was going on, and one of the latter ran to the baby, picked it up and comforted it. After a moment or two the pig-headed wife—she seemed to be endowed with an amount of obstinacy quite disproportionate to her size—gathered herself up and followed her husband. It was as well perhaps that I was not within reach of them; for in my anger at what I had seen I should certainly have interfered in a practical way that might have had unpleasant consequences.

To counterbalance this incident I may relate another. I was sitting one day at the door of our tent, where we had encamped upon a grassy knoll—a sort of village green. Opposite me was a row of cottages. Suddenly the door of one flew open and a respectable-looking elderly gentleman, with a long beard, made his appearance outside, so precipitately that it was quite evident he had been propelled from behind. He just managed to save himself from falling, hastily adjusted his turban, thrust his hands into the cuffs of his coat, and walked off down the road with as much dignity as he could muster in the circumstances—looking neither to the right hand nor the left, and taking no notice of his wife, who appeared in the doorway screaming after him and shaking her fist. When she caught sight of my admiring glance, she hastily retreated inside and closed the door.

Such instances are rare in my experience, while it has often given me pleasure to observe the frank and pleasant relations between husbands and wives.

There are exceptional cases where the wife is lord and master of her husband. Some great man, even the Sultan himself, I believe, may give his

daughter or some lady of his family in marriage to an inferior—even to a slave. In such a case the lady seems to retain her superior position, and treats her husband no more as her equal—much less her superior—than before her marriage. Sometimes I have been mistaken for a lady of this sort. The last occasion was during a journey we made in 1891. We came one day to a little village named Kara-dilli (Black-tongues) high on a rocky hillside, above a fertile and well-cultivated plain. The people were hospitably disposed, and came in a crowd to welcome us and escort us to the "guest-house". We had had a horrible ride through rain and over roads knee-deep with mud, and my husband and our men naturally gave their first attention to me and my comfort. The simple villagers, unaccustomed to this treatment of a woman, were puzzled, and beginning to inquire among themselves what could be the reason of it, came to the conclusion that I was a lady of high rank married to an inferior. They took an opportunity of questioning the men on the subject. Our men always rise to an occasion of the kind. They delight in taking their fun off the villagers. Ali, our head kavass at the time, a most admirable

servant, came in high glee to tell us about it. They had suggested that I might be the daughter of the "Sultan of Inglaterra," and he had darkly hinted that they were right! We amused ourselves by keeping up the delusion, and, whenever a curious individual was observed peeping at us through a corner of the window or round the edge of the door, my husband salaamed to me and was most distant and polite, while I assumed a haughty demeanour and ordered the villagers about to their great satisfaction. They rushed to and fro to serve me, and kept asking "What does she want now?" and could not sufficiently show their appreciation of the honour that our august presence in their village conferred on them. They had wondered at first why such an obviously rich man as the *Tchelebi* (we happened to have a large retinue—four men and a waggon) should be travelling instead of enjoying himself quietly at home. But his position as my husband explained it. It was his wife's whim!

Of marriage rites and ceremonies I do not feel competent to say much. I have seen enough of them to know that they vary much in detail in different parts of the country and among different people. The festivities generally last for several

days, and take place partly at the home of the bride and partly at that of the bridegroom. I have often seen or taken part in a little bit of the ceremony, but have never seen the whole at one time.

I remember one occasion when I was invited by the bridegroom's mother to be present at the reception of the bride in her husband's house. On the preceding evening I was taken to see the expectant bridegroom making merry with his friends. He was a young man in good circumstances, in a large and prosperous village, and his festivities, so far as I saw them, took place in the-village square. Most of the population appeared to be present, and one side of the square was appropriated to the use of the women, who in their *ferijis* and veils appeared in great force, seated on carpets on the ground. The scene was lit up by a number of flaring torches fixed into high stands. In the middle was spread a carpet, on one end of which sat five musicians, cross-legged in a row, blowing flutes and clashing cymbals and making a considerable amount of noise. Four or five young men, the special chums of the bridegroom, all in their best clothes, took it in turn to perform a *pas seul* on the carpet, eliciting more or less applause from the spectators according

to the grace and agility they displayed. Dancing is not, I think, the Turk's strong point, and the performance did not appear to me remarkable. Every now and then the music languished, and then the dancer would throw a coin or two into the laps of the musicians, and it would burst forth with renewed vigour. One handsome young fellow in *zeibek* dress, with an amusingly conceited and self-conscious air, instead of tossing the money into the laps of the musicians, licked the coins and stuck them in rows on their foreheads and cheeks. The audience greeted this with an enthusiastic outburst of approval, but the musicians themselves remained perfectly impassive and allowed the coins, as they dried, to drop off into their laps without seeming to notice them.

Next day at the appointed hour I betook myself to the bridegroom's house. It stood within a garden surrounded by a high wall. The specially invited guests assembled in the house, partly inside and partly in the open gallery or portico, while a crowd of interested spectators thronged the garden. The bride's belongings were just arriving on three camels, preceded by a band of music and surrounded by an admiring crowd. Immediately

afterwards the bride herself, also preceded by music and escorted by friends, arrived on horseback. I was inside the house, and heard, without actually seeing, her arrival at the garden gate, or rather door, which was too small to allow of entering on horseback. There her husband awaited her. He lifted her from the saddle, ran with her in his arms along the little path and up the stairs to the inner apartment of the house, where he dropped her on the *diwan* and fled, red and breathless with the effort.

The damsel meanwhile remained perfectly passive and absolutely dumb. She was enveloped in a voluminous veil of blue silk gauze spangled with gold, which allowed little more to be seen than her feet in high-heeled black kid boots and yellow overshoes, and the ends of her full white trousers. The other women immediately gathered round, and unwinding her veil exposed her to view in all her bridal loveliness, amid a chorus of admiring exclamations.

Beauty is a mere matter of taste. The fair bride's eyebrows were concealed by two semicircles of black paint, about half an inch wide and meeting over her nose. Her lips were smeared with some

sort of salve, deep scarlet in colour. Her forehead and cheeks were whitened with powder and ornamented with little flakes of coloured tinsel—red, green, silver and gold—arranged in star-shaped and other patterns. Even her eyelids, which were kept modestly lowered, were decorated in this fashion. Her hands were stained to the wrists with henna. She wore the inevitable jacket of the Turkish bride—violet velvet, heavily worked with gold thread—a vest of white, a skirt of blue silk, which was European in style, and entirely out of keeping with the rest of her attire, and full white trousers.

When the guests in the house had sufficiently admired her, she was led, still dumb and passive, into the portico, and seated there upon a rush-bottomed chair to be admired by the crowd of women in the garden.

In answer to some questions, put to an elderly lady while we were being regaled with sweets and coffee, I elicited the following information. When the guests have all taken their departure, the bridegroom comes in, and is received by the bride with absolute silence—she having been well drilled as to her behaviour by her mother and the older

women. Her lord, who is not supposed to have seen her before, is no doubt overwhelmed by her beauty and a sense of his own good fortune. I don't know if, like lovers in the *Arabian Nights*, he endeavours to express his emotion in verse, but at least he makes some exclamation of admiration or greeting. The bride remains mute, and then he hands her a piece of money. Every time he addresses her and she makes no reply, he hands her another piece of money. He tries by all the arts of endearment and cajolery, and by asking amusing questions, to make her speak or laugh; but the bride has been well warned that now is her chance, and she may never have another, of getting a little money, and she must resist his blandishments to the last possible moment. If she makes the slightest sound, even to murmur "umph," as my informant said, she gives herself away, and the contest is at an end. Then the bridegroom takes water and a sponge and a towel (produced by his mother or some venerable female friend), and washes the tinsel ornamentation from his wife's face, and kisses her. After which they have supper together—"a fowl," said my informant, "and the bridegroom must begin by handing a piece to the bride".

In the case of poor people, where the husband has no money to bestow, there must no doubt be considerable modification of this part of the ceremony.

The Turks are fond of their children and fondle and pet them a great deal, and are just as "injudicious" in managing them as the ordinary parent elsewhere. I have observed in the Turkish father the same tendency to pet his girls which distinguishes the male Briton; and although as a rule he is kind to all children, he occasionally displays a certain partiality for his own. One day we were resting in the shady portico of a village-house. Four or five Turks were sitting on their heels in a row looking at us. One of them had with him his little girl of three or four. She strayed from his side and went towards a group of children playing near. Presently there was a howl, and we all looked out in time to see a girl of eight or ten boxing the little one's ears. The father sprang to the rescue of his babe, seized a boulder as big as his head, and hurled it with a volley of curses at the offender, who after committing the assault had hastily retreated down the road. If it had struck her, it would certainly have injured her seriously, if

not killed her on the spot. Luckily it missed her, and, as she skipped out of its way and it rolled past, she turned and stuck out her tongue at her assailant with an expression of much contempt.

Theoretically the girl-child is inferior to the boy ; but practically she appears to be quite as important as her brothers, and in families where there are only boys a daughter is often ardently desired. I have often seen little boys of five or six dressed in girls' clothes, and with their hair long and plaited in tails as the girls' is. I presume the mothers wanted to keep them "babies" as long as possible. The only reason they gave me was that they liked them so.

Some years ago in certain districts a rather comic attempt was made to shelter the males behind the disability of the inferior sex. For a somewhat lengthy period all the births registered were those of girls. After a few years an official inquiry was ordered to be made into this unnatural state of affairs, when it was found that, as a matter of fact, more boys than girls had been born ; but the parents had hit upon the simple plan of registering them as girls to avoid the con-

scription—all males being liable to be called to serve in the army after a certain age.

The Prophet himself seems to have had a tender feeling towards the girl-child. Professor E. H. Palmer, in the introduction to his life of *Haroun Alraschid*, refers to the custom among the Bedawi Arabs, before the time of Mohammed, of burying daughters alive, and says : " It is narrated of one chief, Othman, that he never shed tears except on one occasion, when his little daughter whom he was burying alive wiped the grave-dust from his beard ".* Even this wretch seems to have been more or less " the fool of habit," and to have felt a certain degree of pity for his poor little victim. Professor Palmer goes on to say : " Against this inhuman practice Mohammed directed all the thunders of his eloquent indignation, and set before their eyes the terrors of the last day, when the female child that has been buried alive shall be asked for what crime she was put to death ".

I have never heard that the dislike to daughters at any time among the Turks went so far as this ; and now-a-days among the Turkish peasantry, whose numbers are diminishing with appalling

* *Haroun Alraschid*, introduction, p. 12.

rapidity, a baby is always a baby, whatever its sex. The mothers no doubt prefer sons, and in their circumstances it is natural. A Yuruk woman came to call on me in our tent one day. She was the wife of a Circassian refugee who had joined her tribe. She had with her a baby a few months old, and when I asked her if it was a boy or a girl, she answered, "A girl," and added emphatically the single word "sheitan"—"devil". I took the baby from her (it was dirty and not very attractive, but that was neither here nor there), caressed the poor little thing and said: "I like girls". The tears welled in her eyes, and she took the baby hastily from me and pressed it to her bosom. Then she explained that she meant it was unfortunate for the child itself to be a girl, considering the life of toil a woman had to live.

An illustration of her meaning occurred, while we were still at the same place. It was a small Yuruk village called Demirli. We were camped in a field beside trees and a spring, and we made a stay of several days in order to examine the antiquities, which were numerous in the district. It was the beginning of August, and harvest time, and the women were working in the fields. One day

one of them had, by her appearance, especially attracted my attention. She toiled as hard as any of the others, and in the evening I saw her trudging wearily home, with a heavy water-jar in each hand, and driving a refractory horse before her. Next day she was in the field again, cutting the corn, with a new-born baby slung in a cloth on her back!

When a woman has a very young baby, she takes it with her to the fields. I have often seen the mother reaping corn with a tiny baby perched on her back, clinging on with its wee hands as no British baby of the same age could do. But when the children are old enough to eat, and begin to walk and talk, the otherwise merely ornamental father may frequently be seen acting the part of nursemaid. He seems to lend himself readily to this occupation, which is probably more of an amusement than a task, and his devotion to his little charge is sometimes almost pathetic.

Once when we were camping near Selende the *mudir** of the district, a pleasant-looking man, came to pay us an official visit. He was accompanied by his only child, a baby girl about a year

* *Mudir* = governor

and a half old, who was carried by her nurse, a stalwart young man six feet high. She slept all the time, and as the weather was hot her nurse fanned her gently with a fan. The *mudir* apologised for bringing her, said she was teething, and rather out of sorts in consequence, so that he was afraid to let her out of his sight.

Both men and women used to be astonished, often quite shocked, when they heard that I had left my children so far away. The men, I believe, generally thought I did it from heartlessness or sheer "devilment"; the women seemed to feel that my husband had forced me away, and were sorry for me! I remember one delightful old woman who (in '91) was entertaining me in her garden, asking me if I had no children. I said: "Yes; five little children far away in England". She looked at me a moment or two in surprise, then took me by the *chun* (a favourite caress with Orientals) and said pityingly: "Poor mother! did the tears run down your face?"

A few days later, at another village, I had given the same answer to the same question asked by an elderly man, who while talking to me held his little boy of four or five against his knee. He

looked at me in horrified surprise and exclaimed :
“Allah ! Allah ! Allah ! Here is my child, the
only one, and his mother cannot allow him to be
out of her sight for two hours ! And you have
left *five* ! ”

Note.—I spell the name of God in the conventional way, which does not give a good idea of how it sounds. The pronunciation is soft and rather guttural, and the vowel sound is more that of *u* than *a*.

CHAPTER V.

A DAY IN A HAREM

TRAVELLING as we did, seldom staying more than a night or two in one place, there was not much opportunity for studying the private life of the people. Almost everywhere, however, the women were eager for me to visit them in their houses, so that I had occasional glimpses of their home life. On one occasion I spent a whole day in a harem. It was at Tchifut-Kassaba, the "Jews' Market," one of the most Turkish of Turkish towns, which lies a little to the south of Afium-Kara-Hissar, on the site of the ancient city of Synnada.

The place simply bristled with remains of the ancient city, and early in the morning after our arrival my husband set off to explore, leaving me to write letters, as a post went from the town next day. We were staying in a wretched little *khan*, and the windows of our room looked out on the market-place. Scarcely had I begun to write, when

various half-stifled exclamations of surprise and admiration drew my attention to the fact that what appeared to be the entire male population of the town was looking in at the windows. Finding this somewhat embarrassing, with an apologetic word or two I closed the shutters. This left me a good deal in the dark, and I was in the act of arranging my writing materials so as to get the benefit of the sunlight that streamed in at the open door, when a shadow fell across the threshold, and looking up I saw an old woman in a black gown, with a black shawl over her head, standing in the doorway.

"Hosh geldin," said she—"Welcome".

"Hosh bulduk," said I.

She stepped inside. I signed to her to be seated on the *diwan*, and placing a black bag which she carried on the floor by her side, she sat down. Then she salaamed to me, touching her lips and forehead with the tips of her fingers and pressing her hand on her breast. I returned the salute. She took my hand and kissed it. Then we sat and looked at each other in solemn silence. After a moment or two I remembered that it was my turn to say "Hosh geldin," and did so. She replied

"Hosh bulduk," and then we both sat and looked silently at one another once more.

As she showed no sign of continuing the conversation, I felt impelled to begin, and inquired where she came from. The question unlocked the floodgates of her speech, and she poured forth a voluble harangue, pointed with many gesticulations and occasional patings of my hand and knee, till finally, taking me by the chin, she gazed into my face and paused.

My knowledge of Turkish was not great ; and moreover, the old woman, being almost toothless and at the same time an extremely rapid speaker, once she was fairly started, mumbled her speech in such a way that it conveyed little more meaning to me than the twittering of birds or the bleating of sheep. Therefore when she paused, I shook my head sadly and answered : "Turktche bilmem" —"I don't know Turkish". "She doesn't know Turkish !" repeated she with an expression of astonishment and incredulity. All at once it struck me that her dress was Greek, not Turkish ; and I added cheerfully : "Ομιλῶ Ῥωμαϊκά" —"I speak Greek".

Then she rose and fell upon my neck and wept.

She hugged me to her bosom in an embrace that squeezed the breath out of me—for she was a muscular person, and no doubt emotion added to her strength—and when at last I struggled free, she sank upon her seat and looked at me with tears streaming down her brown wrinkled cheeks.

“Many years it is,” she said in a trembling voice, “since I have heard the tongue of my fathers, and in my ears it was as the voice of God.”

I sympathised with her and consoled her, and she wiped her eyes on her shawl. She then said she was a widow and a *mamina* (which may be politely translated “lady doctor”), and had lived among the Turks for forty years practising her profession. She said there were few Christians in the district through which she travelled, and none of them spoke any language but that of the “detested Turk”. She gave me to understand also that her medical qualifications and social qualities were highly appreciated by her *chénitè*, and that her position was one of importance, and brought her a good income. She was staying now in the house of a wealthy Turkish lady, a widow, and it was on behalf of her hostess that she had come to me. The lady had witnessed from the windows

of her house our arrival on the previous evening, and had sent to ask if I would honour her with a visit. The notion pleased me. I said to myself that in the meantime the post might go to Jericho, and put away my pen and paper; and as my visitor had reasons for returning to her hostess as speedily as possible, I prepared to accompany her at once. I regret to say that in my haste I forgot to leave a message for my husband, telling what had become of me.

Tchifut Kassaba lies in a fertile plain amid orchards and gardens. We took our way through the narrow dirty streets till we reached the outskirts of the town, and came to a gate in a high wall. Close by the gate, I recognised a fountain at which we had stopped the night before, to examine some inscriptions on the marble blocks of which it was built. Not far from the fountain was a huge dunghill, and it said something for the people of the house that it was *outside* the gate instead of close to their door, which is the usual situation of such things.

My guide knocked loudly at the gate, which was immediately opened to admit us by a negro girl, who closed and bolted it behind us, and then led the

way across the neatly paved courtyard to the house—a large two-storeyed building with the stables, etc., on the other side of the yard. The whole place seemed to be in unusually good repair, which I put down to the fact that the proprietor was a woman—but I may have been mistaken. Anyhow it looked very neat and clean, and so did the little whitewashed entrance hall, which was quite empty except for several pairs of shoes lying at one of the doors. Through this door we entered a large, well-lighted room. The windows were latticed outside and hung inside with white muslin curtains. The floor was covered with soft thick carpets. A *diwan* piled with cushions extended along one side, under the windows, and opposite was a large carved wooden cupboard. There was no other furniture.

On the *diwan* the lady of the house was seated, with her legs tucked up, smoking a cigarette. She looked about forty, was little and plump, with a neat little turned-up nose and bright black eyes. Her hair was long, abundant, and black as coal, except for a stray lock here and there, which had been dyed a bright orange colour. It would seem that, however venerable grey hair may be on

the chin of the male Turk, it is detestable in the eyes of woman when it appears upon her own head, and it is not uncommon to see aged crones crowned with carrotty locks. Her eldest son sat on the floor smoking a *narghilé*—a rather dour-looking youth. His fawn-coloured *kaftan* and blue trousers looked so brand new, that I concluded they had been put on for my benefit. He scrambled to his feet to greet us, and stood until his mother told him he might sit down again. His wife, a wonderfully pretty Circassian girl, was also in the room, but stood in a humble attitude near the door. Both ladies wore, over their Turkish dress, ugly red dressing-gowns, evidently European importations, which they probably considered very elegant and fashionable. The elder lady made me sit by her on the *diwan*, with the Greek on my other side to act as interpreter when necessary, and commanded her daughter-in-law to roll cigarettes for us and bring refreshments. Then there was the usual conversation consisting of any number of personal questions and replies. My dress, boots, gloves, hat and veil were all carefully examined, my hostess calling to her daughter-in-law: “Küz, gel, bak”—“Girl, come, look”. The young man

maintained an appearance of lofty indifference, till we came to the contents of a little bag I wore over my shoulder, note-book, pencils, penknife, scissors, needles, etc. As each of these articles was brought to view, he became more and more fidgety ; and, when at last I drew forth my neat little six-shooter, his dignity caved in entirely, and he showed as much interest as his wife and mother.

My belongings were pronounced " *chok guzel* "—"very beautiful," and my hostess bestowed upon me several little friendly pats and caresses. After a little pause she said : " I saw the *Tchelebi* writing the words that are on the fountain at my gate to-day ". She laid her hand on mine and added impressively : " Let me tell you, you are very fortunate to have such a handsome husband. Mine——"

She turned her eyes heavenwards and fluttered her plump little hand with an upward motion, that seemed to imply that *hers* had fluttered off to paradise. I looked sympathetic. But the recollection of the departed one did not trouble her long. Her daughter-in-law and the negro girl appeared with a basin and ewer for the *mamina* and me to wash our hands, and then brought in a table with pomegranates, olives, cheese, bread and honey for our

refreshment. Then she expressed the hope that I would accompany her to the house of a friend, where she, her daughter-in-law, and the *mamina* were engaged to take part in a festival of some sort. This I readily agreed to do. But first I had to go with Fatmé, the daughter-in-law, to see her private apartment. Her husband promptly rose and followed us, and outside the mother's presence the two walked hand in hand like children. I was taken upstairs to a big room and shown all their belongings—great piles of quilts and silken sheets, pots and pans, lamps and candlesticks, coffee services, brass trays, shelves loaded with apples and melons—a portion of which they insisted on bestowing upon me—and a huge box containing all their wedding finery and other clothes.

When we returned, the elder lady had made some progress with her visiting toilette. She had put on over her red garment a short full jacket of royal Stuart tartan velvet, and was in the act of darkening the edges of her eyelids with some black powder which was contained in a pink paper, and which she applied with the wrong end of a lucifer match; while the *mamina*, seated beside her, held up a tiny round mirror for her to look into. "Tell

the lady," said she to the old woman, "that I am obliged to do this, because my eye is sore."

The old woman repeated the words in Greek, accompanying the statement with a derisive wink behind the little looking-glass.

The eye-darkening operation completed, the lady put the finishing touches to her toilette by tying a small blue silk handkerchief round her tiny red *fez*, and adorning it with a couple of large diamond pins, while she hung round her neck a heavy string of gold coins and a "rope" of pearls, first handing them to me for inspection. I am not a good judge of jewellery, but the pearl necklace was certainly very pretty, ten long strings of gems all of one size, twisted together and attached at either end to a triangular piece of polished pink coral, and finished with a small diamond clasp. Her daughter-in-law wore the same sort of ornaments and her wedding jacket of violet velvet worked with gold. The young lady put a most effective finish to her splendour by plastering her eyebrows over with a band of black paint half an inch wide, forming two semicircles joined over her nose. Both wore black kid French boots with high heels. Finally they enveloped themselves in *ferijis*.

of striped silk and thick muslin veils, thrust their feet into shiny yellow slippers with turned-up, pointed toes; and off we set under a broiling sun. I was armed with a cotton sun-umbrella, while the Turkish ladies each carried a tiny parasol about the size of a dinner-plate. The *mamina*, who had neither umbrella nor parasol, carried in her hand the mysterious black bag which I have already mentioned.

Keeping among the lanes and gardens in the outskirts of the town, in about ten minutes we reached our destination, a house of genuine Turkish style, dilapidated and dirty-looking, inside a filthy courtyard, the centre of which was adorned with the usual odoriferous dunghill. Two or three broken steps of white marble (some of the relics of Synnada) led to a verandah, which extended along the front of the house, and part of which was enclosed with fine lattice work. Inside the lattice we found ourselves at a door, at the threshold of which lay a dozen pairs of shoes or more. My hostess, throwing open her veil and *feriyi* and leaving her yellow shoes behind her, led the way in, holding me by the hand. She and her daughter-in-law and the *mamina* were all greeted with

enthusiasm, and kissed and embraced by several of the ladies present, while I was introduced and made graciously welcome, especially by the ladies of the house.

The room was large, lofty, and cheerful. A row of open windows looked out on a garden shaded by fine trees. Thick carpets covered the floor. In front of the windows a *diwan* ran the length of the room, and opposite it stood a solitary rush-bottomed chair. The wall opposite the windows was panelled with wood, into which were let little shelves and neatly carved open cupboards, containing cups, lamps, etc. At one end was a wide fireplace, with a high dome-shaped mantelpiece, and a broad white hearthstone, but of course no fire. Seated on the edge of the hearthstone was a solitary form. I realised, after looking carefully, that it was a woman. At first it appeared to me more like a British grenadier in semi-feminine attire. Her feet were bare and rather large for a woman, and her "divided skirt" was much scantier than is usual and reached only half way down her calves. She wore also a tight, closely fastened cotton jacket, and a red shawl round her waist. Her features were rugged, if

not coarse, and her expression gloomy. On her head was a small red *fez*, bound with a yellow handkerchief. Her hair, which hung in two long tails down her back, would have betrayed her sex, but I should never have guessed her profession. However, the *mamīna*, who kept close by my side, whispered to me in Greek, "That's a dancing girl," while her countenance assumed an expression of righteous horror, and she made, surreptitiously, a gesture with her fingers which expressed the same sentiment. Her statement was rather a blow to me, for anything less like the Oriental dancing girl of my imagination it would be difficult to conceive.

Before she explained this person to me, I had been introduced, as I have said, to the ladies of the house and to the several guests who had arrived before us. The ladies of the house were three—the mother of the master (whom I mention first as she was evidently the most important) and his two wives—one elderly and a little sour-looking, the other young and very sweet. There were, perhaps, a score of women present and half as many children, among them the four sons of the house. One of these only was the son of the first wife.

He was a flabby-looking boy of thirteen or fourteen, with shaven head and prominent ears, conspicuous still more by reason of the dirt with which they were encrusted. He wore a handsome braided suit of olive-coloured cloth, made like a man's; but he was apparently young enough to be allowed to remain in the harem all day, where he spent the time unobtrusively enough in the consumption of sweetmeats, listening to the chat and gossip of the women, and hanging about his mother, who petted and caressed him. The three others, who were mere babies, the youngest being only a few months old, were the children of the second wife. She, the *mamina* informed me, had been purchased as a slave by her husband, who had married her before the birth of her first child.

The dress of the women was mostly Turkish with a slight and not, in my eyes, advantageous mixture of European among the younger of them. On the whole, I think the appearance of the master's mother was the most impressive. She was old, wrinkled, excessively fat and good-natured-looking, with a bustling activity about her that seemed a little out of place in a person of her figure. Her entire clothing consisted of a pair of

pink calico trousers of the "pegtop" shape, reaching to her ankles, and wadded and quilted ; a long loose jacket of the same material without any sort of fastening, and a pair of white woollen socks. Her hair was snow-white, curly, and hanging loose about her neck and ears ; and she evidently intended to wear on it a small square of white muslin, which some one or other was always picking up and putting on for her, and which immediately slipped off again. Her manners were characterised by the same simplicity as her dress. While we were conversing, or rather while I was doing my best to answer the questions she put to me concerning myself and my affairs, she paused, took hold of the edge of her jacket, and peered about inside. Suddenly she made a pounce, looked at me with a little nod and smile, and briefly remarked "fleas" ; then rubbed something carefully between her finger and thumb, dropped it on the floor, and resumed her questions.

Soon after our entrance coffee and cigarettes and slices of melon were handed round, after which I had to submit once more to a personal examination, my first hostess acting the part of showman with much ability, having been over the ground before.

This lady was quite evidently the principal guest, and filled the position admirably according to Oriental ideas, giving orders with a graceful condescension, and taking the lead in everything. When she had done showing me to her friends, she called attention to the fact that it was noon, announced her intention of praying, and commanded her daughter-in-law to fetch her veil. One of the others volunteered to join her. Two prayer-carpetts were fetched and spread in the proper direction in the middle of the already thickly-carpeted floor, and the two devout ladies with veiled heads spent a quarter of an hour or so in conspicuous devotion, the rest of the company continuing to smoke, laugh and chat the while.

While the praying was still in progress, the sound of a child crying was heard outside, and there entered a ragged, barefooted woman, carrying a baby and dragging an older child by the hand. She was followed by a crowd of others like herself, and all with babies or young children. Some of them advanced, knelt and kissed the hands of several of the ladies, and then retired again near to the door, where they waited endeavouring to quiet the children, most of whom were crying by this

time. I was lost in wonder at this strange throng, and turned to the Greek for an explanation. Her lips were drawn over her toothless gums in a grim smile.

"They want me," she said. "Look and see."

She had got hold of her black bag and was opening it. No sooner did the first of the troop of children catch sight of her than they broke into a howl of fear and dismay, clinging frantically to their mothers. Those behind took up the cry, and a din resounded through the lofty room as if an infantine pandemonium had been let loose. Soon I saw what it all meant. The *mamina* was catching one terrified little creature after another, and examining a large hideous sore on its left wrist. The poor little things had all been vaccinated by her ten days before, and had now been brought for her to see if the operation had been successful. It had been so in every case—and there were thirty of them in all. She showed me with great pride the lancet and the little bone implements with which she had done her work ; and said vaccination had been introduced by herself into the district only a short time before ; but the Turks had been most eager to avail themselves of it, as

already it had been found to be a great preventive of smallpox, which is frightfully common and fatal among them.

After this painful scene, which was ameliorated by the administration of sweetmeats to the victims before they were removed, it was a relief to me to accompany some of the women to the garden. They rushed helter-skelter down the steps, romping like schoolgirls, and we actually played "hide and seek" in spite of the heat. And these were not young girls, but full-grown women, several of them mothers, and most of them fat!

The great beauty of the garden was the large number of big shady trees. It was surrounded by a high wall, and intersected by ill-kept paths. Flowers were few and far between, and a score or so of hens disported themselves blissfully where they pleased, in holes of their own scratching. In one place a spring bubbled up into a wide stone basin with steps leading to it, and surrounded by a low wall on which were faded cushions. Two large willow-like trees shaded it completely. They called them "jujube" trees; and the dancing girl climbed up and picked the jujubes for us. The name was misleading. The fruit is like a small

date in appearance, woolly inside and very tasteless.

Seeing that the jujubes were despised, the dancing girl went and sat on the steps that led to the spring and lifted up her voice in song, while she beat an accompaniment on her tambourine. The song was long, but the tune, on the other hand, was short. If, as Titian said, that man cannot paint at all who cannot paint with four colours, it may be said that that Turk cannot sing at all who cannot sing with four notes. I've often heard Turkish singing, and it is "ever the same sad tune," no matter what the words may be. Under the jujube trees, by the margin of the whispering spring, the dolorous song—which was a reproach to a faithless lover in something like forty stanzas—with the monotonous accompaniment of the tambourine, had upon me a soothing, not to say somnolent, effect, and I was rather sorry when the *mamına* appeared to call us indoors.

"You're wanted," she said sourly to the dancing girl, who rose without a word and walked away towards the house. "Ασχημα γυναίκα"—"Nasty woman," added she emphatically, and "showed five," as it is called, after the girl's retreating

figure. This "showing five" is a most innocent-looking gesture to the eyes of the uninitiated, but, to those who understand its meaning and awful consequences, it is a terrible form of imprecation. The closed hand is thrust out sharply and opened wide with a jerk, so that the palm and outspread fingers are towards the object of execration. I have seen people flee before it trembling and appalled. On this occasion its effect was not visible. "What folks don't know doesn't do them any harm," as they say, and the dancing girl fortunately hadn't an eye in the back of her head.

When we got back into the room, the rest of the company were all seated, some on the *diwan*, some on cushions on the ground, and in the middle of the floor stood a second dancing girl, while the first had resumed her seat on the hearthstone. The second girl was more attractive-looking than the first, and seemed rather abashed beneath the gaze of so many coldly critical eyes. I confess I was curious to witness a dance of the sort that was about to take place. I had often seen references in books to the Oriental dancing girl, with dark hints about her diabolical seductiveness; and I congratulated myself fervently on this opportunity of improving

my knowledge. The second girl was tall and rather plump, with a complexion of a warm sunny brown, and eyes as black as jet, large and intensely bright, and with an artificial black line under them, which enhanced the effect of her long black lashes. Her dark hair, which was perhaps partly artificial also, hung in six long tails reaching almost to the ground. She wore very full trousers of gaudy Manchester print, drawn in at the ankle, a white and yellow cotton jacket, a small *fez* ornamented with blue beads, a red shawl round her waist and white woollen socks.

As I took a seat beside the principal guest, who was lolling on the *diwan* with a huge blue damask cushion supporting her back, she nodded to the girl on the hearthstone, who was waiting for the signal to begin and immediately resumed the old song she had been singing in the garden. Then the dance began. First the dancer glided slowly round without lifting her feet from the ground, with a swaying motion of the body that set her long tails of hair waving about. Then she began to wave her arms slowly and gracefully, bending first to one side, then to the other, and snapping her fingers loudly. By

degrees her motions became more pronounced, she appeared to be working herself up to a condition of excitement, she wriggled like a serpent, and seemed to expand and contract her body in a curious way, and her head rolled ceaselessly in a manner that must have made her brain—if she had any—spin like a top. Round and round, up and down, she went for more than half an hour, never taking her feet from the ground, and never pausing for a moment. Her face turned slowly to a livid purple, great beads of perspiration dropped from her forehead to the floor, and her panting was painful to hear. I felt very sorry for her, and disgusted with the sight. She looked like a drunken woman or a maniac.

Nobody applauded the performance or even spoke. The various onlookers smoked their cigarettes, or trifled with their fans, and looked on coldly without any expression of interest or amusement. But at last the autocratic little widow announced that she had had enough of it, and some one made a sign to the musician, who abruptly stopped her singing and laid down her tambourine. The dancer reeled dizzily, staggered to the hearth, and sank exhausted. The other one then sprang

to her feet and, evidently determined to have an innings, began a similar dance, beating time on her tambourine. She had only made a few steps, when a ripple of derisive laughter from the spectators caused her to cut short the performance, and she retired to her seat blushing and ashamed. Any vague belief I had hitherto entertained in the fascination of the Turkish dancing girl was dispelled. Poor things! They may have attractions, but certainly their dancing isn't one. I have seen others since, but have found no reason to change my opinion.

By this time it was nearly four o'clock, and, as I had eaten nothing since six except a few olives, a little honey, and a slice of water-melon, I observed with thankfulness that preparations were being made for dinner. The Turkish table-cloth is put under the table, not on it. In this case the cloth was of patchwork, like a quilt, and was spread near the upper end of the room. On it was placed a four-legged stool turned upside down, and upon this was laid a large round metal tray about three feet in diameter, round the edge of which was piled bread, like thick scones in appearance, and most tempting to a hungry woman. The second

dancing girl had vanished, but the tall one, in conjunction with a little blue-black, round-eyed negress, made herself useful by carrying round the basin, ewer, and napkins, for the guests to wash their hands. Then my hostess of the morning and other devoutly disposed ladies called for prayer-carpet and their veils, and said their prayers before dining.

Pillows were placed round the table and the guests took their places, sitting Turkish fashion, a position that soon becomes irksome to those who are not accustomed to it. A narrow napkin, many yards in length and with finely embroidered borders, encircled the table, lying in loose folds on the knees of the diners, who were twelve in number, including the old lady of the house. Her two daughters-in-law waited on us, assisted by their servants and the dancing girls.

The first course, served in the earthenware pot in which it had been cooked, was called *pishmish*. The pot was placed in the middle of the table, and we all supped as much as we wanted with neat black wooden spoons with coloured beads set in their handles. Even when I'm very hungry, I don't want much *pishmish*. It was lukewarm and

appeared to be a compound of rice, onions, sour milk, cheese and fat. I took one small spoonful. But, as the others all pronounced it delicious, I made a pretence of supping, and was thankful when they had finished it and the second course was placed on the table.

This consisted of a calf—entire from head to hoofs—boiled until the bones were falling out, and smothered in a mass of finely shred garlic. We ate it with our fingers, and I knew enough of Oriental manners to use those of the right hand only. Turkish ladies eat daintily, using only the tips of two fingers and the thumb. The *mamina*, who sat on my right hand, had observed my want of appetite for the *pishmish*, and now called my attention to the calf with what she intended for a friendly nudge of her powerful elbow, remarking that it was very good. So indeed it was, and it was a comparatively easy matter to select, from my own side of the steaming mass, portions which had only slightly, or not at all, come in contact with the garlic.

“Now,” said I to myself after the first mouthful, “who knows what is to follow, or whether there is anything to follow? This fatted calf is

excellent in its way. I had better make my hay while the sun shines," and with a recklessness born of ignorance I made a meal of it.

"Only one thing now is lacking to my satisfaction," thought I—there was no need to speak, every one was too much occupied with the dinner to have time for anything else, and conversation, which had languished during the first course, had died completely on the appearance of the second—"and that is the cream tart of the *Arabian Nights*".

We all sighed with satisfaction and wiped our fingers, then the elder of the two wives removed what remained of the second course—namely, a little garlic and the bones—and the younger immediately replaced it by a huge cream tart! It was about eighteen inches in diameter and the colour of its crust was a gleaming golden brown. I will not attempt to describe the exquisite lightness of the flaky pastry or the delicate fragrance of the rich cream which filled it! To properly appreciate cream tart one must eat it. A dream of my childhood had been realised.

"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

I murmured the words aloud; they mingled

with a dozen other murmurs of satisfaction, and nobody took any notice. I gave the tips of my fingers a final rub, and smilingly awaited the signal to rise from the table. Alas! Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall! The dish that had contained the cream tart was removed only to give place to another just as large, piled with *dolmadhés*—a mixture of mince-meat and rice, wrapped in young vine leaves—a delicious dish when one is hungry; but by this time I was the reverse. The other guests fell to with a will; I made a pretence of helping myself, thinking, “This will end soon—this is surely the last”. Not at all. The *dolmadhés* were succeeded by a great bowl of cherries, apparently cooked in honey. I abandoned hope, and sadly grasped the ivory spoon which my too attentive neighbour thrust into my hand, dipping it into the dish at intervals (as long as I could decently make them), and pretending to enjoy the sweet. Ghastly memories haunted me of other occasions, when the refusal of some delicacy by my husband or myself had caused its removal, untasted by hosts too polite to eat of their favourite dish when their guests had declined it. I felt as if the other women were beginning to eye me with dis-

favour, and urged by my neighbour on either hand, made a desperate endeavour to swallow a spoonful or two of the compôte. A kid roasted whole and stuffed with pistachio-nuts followed the cherries—not a pretty object at any time—a loathsome one to my then “jaundiced eye”. I was seated at the right hand of the lady by whose invitation I was there. When she had eaten a single mouthful of the kid, she proceeded to pick out with her finger and thumb what she considered a particularly delicate morsel, and turning to me was about to pop it into my mouth. But I had divined her intention, and had “one fearful refuge left”. While she gave the morsel a final deft twist to get it into suitable shape, I seized a portion in my own fingers, ostentatiously put it in my mouth, pretended then to observe her intention, and, at the risk of being considered an ill-bred ignoramus, took the tit-bit from her fingers, and when she turned to proceed with her own affairs, surreptitiously concealed it under a stray piece of bread.

The Greek at my other side continually urged me to eat, as the kid was followed by another dish of sweets, and that again was succeeded by fowls, vegetables, meats and fruits—always a dish of meat

and one of sweets alternating in hideous succession, till I lost count of them at last. Daylight died out, lamps were lit, and still the dreadful feast went on. After the first eight or nine courses my neighbours on either side mercifully relaxed their attentions to me, and devoted themselves to the consumption of their own dinner. My bones ached intolerably. In the almost unbroken silence that reigned round the table, the laboured breathing of the exhausted few who waited on us sounded loud in my ears. The faces of the other guests began to look blurred and dim to my weary eyes. A kind of nightmare oppressed me. I ceased even to hope for the end.

Suddenly I awoke to the fact that a *pilaf* occupied the centre of the table, and with a thrill of joy came the recollection that *pilaf* is always the last dish at a Turkish dinner! The *mamma's* dreamy eyes fixed themselves upon it. She absently conveyed a spoonful to her mouth and swallowed it. Then she started from her reverie and said with a loud voice, and in her native tongue :—

“As for the Turks they are pigs!”

“What is it? What do you say?” cried several of the others, rousing themselves, and looking at

her with spoonfuls of *pilaf* suspended on the way to their mouths.

"I said," replied she coolly—in Turkish this time—"that we had had an excellent dinner."

They murmured approvingly.

Then my left-hand neighbour turned to me with a sigh and a smile and placed her little fat hand on mine.

"Now," said she, "if *you* have done, we can go from the table."

Me done! I had been done for three long terrible hours! However, I was thankful for the relief.

We rose from our places to an accompaniment of grunts and sighs and much stretching of cramped muscles. The basin and ewer were once more brought into requisition; my hostess signed to her daughter-in-law to supply us with cigarettes, and the dancing girls handed round coffee.

Very soon I announced that I must regretfully take leave, and declined a pressing invitation to remain all night. My co-religionist had already promised to see me safely to my *khan*. When we got outside we found a *zaptieh* sitting in the verandah smoking. The *mamina* explained that

he was waiting for her, as she was to stay in his house that night, and he accompanied us to the gate of the *khan*, where the old woman and I bade each other an affectionate farewell.

I found the household in great alarm at my inexplicable disappearance, and my husband preparing to invoke the aid of the police. Most fortunately he had come in only a few minutes before me, and had thus been spared a long anxious vigil: he had been detained by inspections in a village two hours distant, till the last ray of light faded from the sky, and had thereafter a long ride over an unknown road in a pitch-dark night.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GOD IN THE GLEN.

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.

Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean.

—COLERIDGE.

THE voice of many waters ! Rushing, pouring,
boiling, bubbling, gurgling, rippling, hissing—

gathered into one mighty roar as the great river, full-grown from its source at the mountain foot, thunders down its steep rough bed, tossing and foaming over the rocks, till its crystal waters join the milky tide of a sister river from another glen, and sink to silence in the sunny plain.

This is the river of Ibriz. The steep narrow glen from which it rushes runs straight into the heart of the mountain range of Taurus. The plain through which it flows—spreading in innumerable branches and forming little islands in its course—teems with verdure and with beauty : cornfields, vineyards, gardens, trees : orchards of almonds and cherries and walnuts and apples. You enter the glen through shady lanes, fresh and cool after the hot sunshine, and green with a wild luxuriance of verdure. As you get farther and farther into the glen, the voice of the water grows louder and louder, till every other sound is drowned in the all-absorbing roar, and awe-struck whisper or shout of surprise and admiration are alike unheard. If you stay long enough you learn not to hear the voice of the river, and smaller sounds disentangle themselves easily and make themselves distinctly heard ;

but at first your ears are deaf except to that mighty voice.

If you go right up to the head of the glen, where the bare jagged cliffs tower far overhead, and look about you carefully, you will find that many springs combine to form the river. Some pour from narrow horizontal slits in the cliff foot, some rush up from hollows in the ground through masses of stones, and some gush forth from caves. There is one cave larger than the rest, and if you look carefully into its limpid depths you may see a number of oddly shaped or coloured pebbles, some scraps of metal, and other small objects; and on the bushes that grow near you will notice also many rags of calico or wool or linen fastened to the branches. These are offerings to the gods or spirits of the springs—for the place whereon you stand is holy ground, even from the long-forgotten past to the present day. And just as the peasants now-a-days propitiate the god or spirit with bits of rubbish or scraps of their ragged garments, so the people of ancient days worshipped their god on the same spot, with greater art, in a more beautiful way perhaps, but with no greater reverence and fear.

A little down from the main source of the river, where the glen widens on the left bank, there rises a high perpendicular rock of a light yellowish colour, and on the face of this rock is a wonderful sculpture in low relief. It represents a god of colossal size—some fifteen feet in height—clothed in the tunic of a husbandman or peasant, with a belt round his waist, a Phrygian cap on his head, boots fastened on with thongs and having turned-up pointed toes, and with a ploughshare at his feet. He holds in one hand some ears of corn and in the other a trailing vine-branch, laden with grapes. In front of him stands a priest—a puny creature only nine feet high—facing the god, with hands raised in an attitude of adoration. The priest wears elaborately embroidered and fringed robes and a quantity of jewellery. The two resemble each other closely in face—the type of face most distinctly Semitic. Near the heads of these figures are some inscriptions in “Hittite” character, which modern scholars are as yet unable to read. An interesting thing about this sculpture is that the peasants of the neighbourhood still wear a dress almost identically the same as that of the god, and that the inhabitants of the glen—there is a tiny

hamlet of three or four ruinous cottages near the source—still show the same type of features.

A branch of the river has been brought round artificially on a higher level than the main stream, to work a mill farther down the glen, and this branch rushes with much force past the foot of the sculptured rock and, in doing so, has almost obliterated a third inscription under the feet of the figures, as the rock is soft and easily acted on. I made an attempt to take a photograph, but the shadows cast by the tall and spreading cherry-trees which abound in the glen made it extremely difficult.

Besides the few tumble-down stone hovels of the present village there are ruins of other buildings, traces of paved roads, and a bridge (apparently of Seljuk workmanship) a little way down the glen. Everything is overgrown with trees, bushes, grass and spreading plants and moss. The pebbly banks of the stream are damp and moss-grown and shady, and almost too cold for comfort. It was June when I was there. Everything was at its best, and the cherry-trees were laden with their bright red fruit. Glints of hot sunshine darted between the leaves when some light mountain breeze stirred the

tree tops, just to help one to realise how cool it was in the shady heart of the glen.

At first we saw nobody. By some chance we had none of our own men with us—no one but a *zaptieh*, which may have accounted for the shyness of the few inhabitants of the glen. I wandered off alone to look at the springs, and to enjoy thoroughly the sense of eternal mystery and loneliness that filled the whole scene. The curve of the glen, the trees and bushes, hid my husband and the *zaptieh* from view. I halted at last by the largest spring, and looked into its clear depths for a minute, then dropped in my propitiatory offering to the god—a small silver coin. I watched it sink slowly, spinning round in the trembling water, then dipped my hand in, and drank. The draught was cold as ice. I felt a touch upon my arm, and looked round to meet a pair of wide eyes—deep, clear, grey—like the spring into which I had been staring. An old woman, small and slight, with the identical nose of the sculptured god, and with floating grey hair about her head, stood close by my side. Sure enough this was some spirit of the waters! No “daughter of the gods divinely tall and most divinely fair”—

but one of the "wee folk"—a fairy—a water-sprite. Her lips moved. Her words were lost in the roar of waters; but from the movement I knew she asked · "Whence come you?"

I answered: "I come from a far country. Where do you come from?"

"Here—this place," said she, pressing close to me that I might hear.

"Have you been here long?" said I.

"In this glen I was born," said she; "I, and my fathers, and my fathers' fathers, and out of this glen have I never been."

"What is this?" I asked, pointing to the rag-covered bushes and the spring.

"It is a holy place," said she.

"And who made that thing on the rock down there?" I asked, indicating the sculpture beyond the trees.

"Nobody," said she. "It has always been there—before my fathers were born, and before the fathers of my fathers were born."

"What is it?" said I.

She gazed at me long with an inscrutable expression in her deep clear eyes.

"Tell me," she said softly.

"I can't," said I. "I don't know."

"Ugh!" said she. "I have told my grandchildren to bring you some ripe cherries. Will you have *yaghurt* as well?"

I longed to continue the conversation about the mysteries of the glen, but, alas! my stock of Turkish was too small. So I answered that I *would* have *yaghurt* as well, and be much obliged to her for that same. Then I turned down the glen, the fairy tripping by my side, to where I had left my husband and the *zaptieh*, under the cherry-trees beside the old god.

In the plain, five miles from the foot of the glen, lies the town of Eregli, and through the town the river flows, and a few miles farther on its waters spread and form the Ak-gol, the "White Lake," which stretches south-west towards the lofty cliffs and precipices of Mount Taurus. Then once more the waters are gathered into a narrow channel, and disappear into the mountain as mysteriously as they came forth. As my husband wrote, "the river seems to have been given by God Himself expressly to convert this corner of the great thirsty plains of Lycaonia and Cappadocia into a blooming garden; and then it disappears again into the mountain, after performing the

work for which it was given. That was evidently the feeling in the mind of the artist who carved the sculpture beside the springs. He made his god in the simple dress of a peasant, and dressed the worshipper in those gorgeous embroidered robes of a king, because he wished to declare the eternal truth that the peasants, who feed and support the splendour of the nation, stand closer to God, and are more like to the simplicity of the Divine nature, than are nobles and kings."

An Arab geographer of the ninth century gives the following description of the place in which the river disappears (I use the French translation):—

"From the banks of the lake one goes on to the ravine of the cavern (ar-Rakym). This place is really a recess in the mountain, two hundred cubits in length and as much in breadth, in the midst of which is found a marsh bordered by trees. Around the trees are chambers and dwellings cut in the rock, where more than a hundred men can find shelter. One goes out thence into the valley by a subterranean passage. Seen from above the recess appears to have the dimensions of a plate. When Ali-ibn-Yahyâ penetrated into this region, the inhabitants brought him as a present a

jar of water drawn from the marsh, bread baked in the oven, and cheese, and said to him : ' We are poor and inoffensive people : we only occupy ourselves with the care of the dead, whom God has placed here '. The dead bodies are found in a cavern, the entrance to which is about eight cubits above the level of the hollow. Ali-ibn-Yahyâ relates : ' I went up by means of a ladder and found there thirteen men, one of whom was a young and beardless man. They wore tunics and mantles of wool, and were shod with boots and sandals. I pulled the hair on the forehead of one of the bodies, but tore none out, so great was its resistance.' "

A trade road from the west to the Cilician Gates crosses by a wooden bridge the channel by which the waters from the lake enter the mountain. Both times my husband was there the channel was dry ; but Sir Charles Wilson has seen the water rushing into the *duden*, as it is called in Turkish. I have not yet visited the place. My husband did not carefully explore the neighbourhood and saw no rock graves ;* but it is quite probable

* He believes that the punishment of wicked archaeologists in a future world will be to remember the places they have left unexplored in this.

that there are some in the vicinity. Places whose natural characteristics mark them as "holy" were evidently favourite spots with the race that buried its dead in rock graves. It seems to me very natural that the simple people who succeeded them—the "poor and inoffensive people," as they called themselves to Ali-ibn-Yahyâ—on finding those wonderfully constructed and beautiful houses of the dead, with their occupants sleeping there wrapped in tunic and mantle, should believe that those dead men were under the special care of a god. Even now, when the dead are long since vanished, there hangs about such tombs an atmosphere of awe and mystery. When you speak in them, eerie echoes answer from the vaulted roof or from the ledges and shallow graves where the dead once lay; or as you gaze from their open doorway out into the hot, sunshine-flooded land, some breath of chill air, you know not whence, strikes your cheek or neck, making the hair rise on your head and sending a shiver down your back, and you will do well to hasten back to the open air and sunshine and warmth of the outer world.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SAINT, THE DEVIL, AND THE ANTIQUARY.

IN the heart of Phrygia, encircled by high mountains, lies a beautiful and fertile plain. It is dotted here and there with villages, and there is one town, Sandykli, from which it takes its modern name.

The first time I saw the plain of Sandykli was in the autumn of 1881, during my first long journey in the country. We had entered it by the wild and romantic mountain-pass from Tchi-fut-Cassaba—the ancient Synnada. We wandered from village to village, in search of antiquities, with more or less success. We lost our packs one night, and slept supperless, and in our clothes, under the humble roof of a half-starved Turkish peasant, who, luckily, was able to procure food for the horses though not for us. In Sandykli we had eaten *kebabs* and comforted ourselves with apples; milk and honey had been our portion, and we had drunk new wine—at least some of us had—be-

stowed by an Armenian whom we met by chance in the street, and who joyfully greeted us as "fellow-Christians," and kindly entreated us. At length, on a chilly afternoon, we stopped at a little village named Kelendres. It was about the ninth hour—the hour of afternoon prayer—when we arrived and found the tents pitched on the green sward, hard by a mosque.

It was a rather dilapidated mosque, but it was the only one, and the faithful assembled there for worship. As half of the roof had fallen in and filled up most of the space below, and as the other half was tottering to its fall, the worshippers satisfied themselves with coming near, and did not actually enter, but said their prayers outside. There was no minaret. When that important adjunct to a mosque is wanting, the *imam* generally mounts upon the roof to chant the call to prayer. Here, the roof having fallen, that was impossible, but the *imam* did his best by climbing on to a large block of white marble, which stood close to the building. He was an old man, very dirty and ragged, with a green turban crowning his venerable head. Before ascending his improvised minaret, he religiously removed his shoes and stood in his woollen socks,

happily ignorant that he was paying this mark of respect to a Christian tombstone !

About a score of men assembled at the call. They made no objection to our presence (although our camp was within a few yards of where they prayed), nor did they make their religion more ostentatious on our account. When they had finished their prayers, they came and sat on their heels near us and stared gravely, each one bidding us welcome as he took his place.

After the customary polite salutations, the *Tchelebi* began his usual catechism : How far to the next village ? What about the roads ? Where did the stream come from ? And where did it flow to ? And were there any "written stones" in the district ? To this question came the usual reply, "Yok," a sweeping negative, "absolutely none". But my husband had had his eye on the marble block ever since he arrived. So he got up and went to look at it. It was obviously ancient and had been carefully squared and finished. On the side next the mosque there were letters. He took out his note-book and pencil, and tried to screw his eyes round the corner of the stone—feeling each letter with his fingers, and writing it

down carefully in his book. The spectators grew interested and would willingly have moved the stone for his convenience. They tried to do it, but it was too big and heavy and too deeply embedded in the earth.

With much difficulty he succeeded at last in making a complete copy of the inscription. It contained a date. Nobody but an archæologist—or his wife—can imagine the delight of finding a dated inscription. The Turks waited patiently for him to stamp three times on the ground, or repeat some spell, or do whatever thing was necessary to reveal the long-hidden treasure of gold and jewels, the secret of which he had read on the stone. When he carefully closed his *kitab* and returned it to his pocket, they sighed resignedly. It was not *kismet* that they were to share in the treasure !

Here is the translation of the inscription :—

“ Citizen of the select city, I have, while still living, made this (tomb), that I may have here before the eyes of men a place where to lay my body ; I, who am named Alexander, son of Antonius, disciple of the spotless Shepherd. No one shall place another in my tomb : and if he do, he shall pay

2000 gold pieces to the treasury of the Romans, and 1000 to our excellent fatherland Hieropolis.

"It was written in the year 300 (A.D. 216) during my lifetime. Peace to them that pass by and think of me."

Now I come to my story.

At the time when the Christian religion began to take root in Asia Minor, no less than five Roman cities flourished in this Phrygian plain. Of these five cities, which were all within a few miles of one another, the chief was Hieropolis or Hierapolis,* the "Holy City," the seat of the great god of the district. Before the middle of the second century Christianity had made rapid progress in Phrygia, and in each of these five Roman cities there was a considerable Christian community and a highly organised church, with a bishop at its head.

Avircius Marcellus, known afterwards as "Saint Abercius," was bishop of the Christians of the "Holy City" when the emperors, Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, put forth a decree commanding a general sacrifice to the gods of Rome. My story is concerned only with what happened

* The less educated form was Hieropolis; but those who knew Greek, with most of the Christians, used the name Hierapolis.

at Hierapolis. There, on the appointed day, according to the *Life of St. Abercius*, the senate of the city and the people, clad in white garments, repaired to the great temple of the gods and offered solemn sacrifice. To the Christian bishop this sight was most distressing, and for hours he prayed to God in anguish of spirit. At last he fell asleep. Then there appeared to him in a dream a young man of noble aspect, who, putting into his hand a staff, bade him go forth into the temple and destroy the images of the gods.

It was about the ninth hour when Avircius awoke. He lost no time, but, arming himself with a cudgel, hastened to the temple of Apollo, which was the chief sanctuary of the city, forced open the doors, and rushing in threw down the image of Apollo and smashed it in pieces. Then he proceeded to destroy all the other images in the temple. The attendants, paralysed with astonishment and horror, did nothing; while the gods themselves fell unresisting before the onslaught of the saint, and Avircius, after calling attention to the obvious moral of this inaction on the part of the gods, returned to his own house.

Towards evening, while he was engaged, accord-

ing to his custom, in instructing the crowds who resorted to him, some of his friends came to warn him to fly for his life, the ministers of the temple having formally accused him before the senate of the city, and the people being furious against him. On hearing of the outrage the mob had, indeed, wished to wreak immediate vengeance on him by burning his house about his ears, and had been with difficulty restrained by the senate, who feared that the conflagration might spread, and they might get into trouble in consequence ; and who therefore preferred to have him arrested and sent for trial before the governor of the province. Avircius declined to seek safety in flight, proceeded calmly to the market-place, and began teaching in public, according to his usual custom. Still further aggravated by this open defiance, the mob could no longer be restrained, and made a rush to the market-place. Before they reached Avircius, three young men possessed of devils hurried forth in front of the crowd, with foaming mouths and squinting eyes, biting their own hands and crying out : " We adjure thee by the true and only God, whom thou preachest, not to torment us before our time ". At this interruption the

mob stopped, and waited to see what would happen. Avircius prayed aloud, touched the young men with the cudgel with which he had overthrown the idols, and which he still carried in his hand, and commanded the evil spirits to come out of them. The young men were cured instantaneously, and became constant followers of the saint.

This miracle made such an impression on the heathen mob that they were converted to a man on the spot. As it was now late in the evening they could not be baptised forthwith, and the ceremony was postponed till the following day, when 500 in all were baptised.

The fame of Avircius now spread more widely than ever, and still greater multitudes flocked to hear him, not only from the neighbourhood, but from the adjacent provinces of Greater Phrygia, Asia, Lydia and Caria. He continued to work miracles, restoring sight to Phrygella, a noble lady, and afterwards to three old women of the country. Then feeling that the district would be much the better of medicinal baths, to which the sick might resort for cure, he repaired to a place beside a river outside the city, and, kneeling there, prayed. The weather was fine and the day clear,

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but the prayer was instantly followed by a tremendous peal of thunder from the cloudless sky, and fountains of hot water burst forth from the earth.

But the saint was not to be allowed to have everything his own way. The Evil One himself, instigated, it appears, by jealousy, determined to frustrate and undo him. He began by trying to trick Avircius into giving him a blessing, not, one may suppose, with any idea of benefiting therefrom, but merely for the sake of vexing and disturbing the saint. Assuming the form of a woman, he approached Avircius and demanded his blessing. The saint recognised him in spite of his disguise, and hastily retreated. In doing so he unfortunately grazed his ankle on a large stone, thus giving cause of boasting to the devil, who delights in doing injury to the good. Annoyed by his failure to cheat Avircius, the devil turned and vented his spite on a young man who, so far as we are told, was not at the moment doing anything to deserve such treatment. Avircius came at once to the aid of the youth and rescued him, and Satan retired for the moment, declaring that he would compel Avircius to go to Rome. What harm it

could do Avircius to go to Rome does not appear; and in fact, in the long run, everything turned out for the best so far as he was concerned.

To carry out his threat the devil went himself to Rome, where he lost no time in commencing operations. With typical audacity he chose as the instrument of his design no less a personage than the daughter of the emperor Marcus Aurelius. The Princess Lucilla was a charming young lady, about seventeen years of age, and was the affianced bride of the younger emperor, Verus. The latter was for the time being absent from home, waging war against the Parthian king. It had been arranged that when Verus had settled his affair with the Parthians, Lucilla, with her father, should meet him at Ephesus, where the marriage was to be celebrated in the famous temple of Diana. This statement shows that the writer of the *Life of St. Abercius* lived in a time when paganism was a thing of the past. He takes for granted that, as Christian marriages were celebrated in church, so pagan marriages would take place in the temple, which of course they never did. Everything seems to have been going smoothly enough, when suddenly the devil arrived on the scene, and plunged the im-

perial household into confusion and despair by taking possession of the princess!

Every endeavour was made to cure the poor girl, but in vain! All the physicians and wise men were consulted. The priests of Rome could do nothing. The diviners of Etruria, famed far and near for their power of exorcising demons, were powerless to help the princess. At length, when, no doubt, the distracted parents were at their wits' end, the devil openly announced his intention to keep possession of Lucilla, until Avircius, bishop of the Christians of Hierapolis in Phrygia, came to cast him out.

"Needs must when the devil drives." The emperor immediately despatched two messengers to Phrygia to fetch Avircius, with all possible speed, to Rome.

The messengers certainly did not loiter by the way, for they made the journey from Rome to Brindisi (about 450 miles) in two days! From Brindisi they took ship to the Peloponnesus, where they arrived on the seventh day, and thence travelled with the imperial post-horses to Constantinople (Byzantium). The biographer makes the messengers take a somewhat circuitous route so far; but

he was well up in the geography of Asia Minor, and describes their further journey correctly. They followed the highway through Nicomedia to Synnada, whence they struck across the mountains by a wild pass to Hierapolis. Arriving there about the ninth hour, whom should they meet at the city gate but Avircius himself? They did not know him, and being equally unacquainted with the city, stopped to inquire the way to the bishop's house. Avircius replied by demanding what was their business with the bishop. Indignant that a common person should presume to question an imperial messenger, one of them angrily lifted his cane to strike the holy man; but, ere the blow fell, his extended arm became rigid, and it was only by the kindly intervention of Avircius that it was restored to its normal condition.

The messengers now explained their business, and Avircius, promising to meet them at Rome in forty days, left them to find their way back as they pleased, while he drove in a carriage down to Attaleia, on the southern coast, and there took ship to Rome. His servant accompanied him and looked after the luggage, which consisted of a single sack. Whatever the saint required on the

journey, the servant obtained by merely putting his hand into the sack and taking out what was wanted. This was exceedingly convenient, it will be admitted ; but the special advantage of this kind of baggage was that the servant had no power to take anything from it, unless the saint desired it, so that, after having tried in vain to make dishonest use of the sack, he was compelled to be honest whether he was so inclined or not.

Avircius reached Rome, which the biography describes as a seaport, three days before the return of the messengers. The emperor was absent on an expedition against the barbarians, who had crossed the Rhine ; and the saint was received by the Empress Faustina, who speedily acquainted him with the trying condition of the family affairs, and the purpose for which he had been summoned to Rome. What the saint felt on this revelation of the machinations of his enemy, I am unable to say. He promptly set about doing what was required of him. He requested that the princess might be brought to him in the Great Circus, and standing before her, he commanded the devil to come out of her, to return forthwith to Phrygia, and to take with him a certain marble altar from

the Circus and set it down beside the southern gate of Hierapolis. The Evil One would seem to have obeyed without demur. He abandoned his victim and, taking the altar on his back, disappeared.

Avircius would accept no personal reward for what he had done ; but as the empress was anxious to show her gratitude, he asked her to build a bathing-house over the hot springs which he had miraculously produced beside his native city, and to bestow upon the inhabitants a yearly donation of 300 bushels of wheat. This she promised to do, and the yearly largess, says the biographer, was continued till the time of the Emperor Julian, by whom it was abrogated : he imagines that the great persecutors before Julian allowed this donation to the Christian city to continue.

After remaining some time in Rome, Avircius was commanded by God to visit Syria. He therefore set sail for that country in a ship chartered for him by the empress, and made the voyage in the miraculously brief space of seven days, a speed which is seldom surpassed by the Mediterranean steamers of the present day. He visited Antioch and Apameia, then crossed the Euphrates and made a tour of the churches as far as Nisibis

and throughout Mesopotamia. Everywhere fellow-Christians received him joyfully, and large sums of money were pressed upon him by the brethren, but he declined them all. Finally, a rich and noble Syrian proposed that the title "Equal of the Apostles" should be formally conferred upon him, and by this title he is known in the Greek Church.

He then returned home, passing through the two provinces of Cilicia, and through Lycaonia and Pisidia. His route was *via* Synnada, whence, as has already been said, a mountain road led to Hierapolis. It was summer time, and fatigued by his journey over the rough and toilsome mountain pass, the saint sat down on a stone by the wayside, to rest during the hottest hours of the day. The stone chanced to be beside a place where some peasants were winnowing their corn, throwing it up in the air and allowing the wind to carry the chaff away, in the manner still customary in the country. Avircius had seated himself on the lee side, and the wind, a brisk northerly breeze which blows over the plateau daily in summer, blew the chaff into his face. Instead of changing his position, he desired the

peasants to stop their work, so as not to inconvenience him. They declined, and thereupon he lulled the breeze and thus forced them to stop. They then, with what appears to have been a laudable desire not to waste time, employed themselves in making ready a meal. The saint asked for a drink of water. They answered with rustic jeers and abuse, and refused to give it him. In return for their rudeness he afflicted them with an insatiable appetite, which characterises the people of that village to the present day.

Only one other miracle is recorded of Avircius, *viz.*, the production of a spring of drinking-water on a mountain top near the city.

After his return to Hierapolis, being now advanced in years, the saint was warned in a dream of his approaching end, and in accordance with the custom of the time among both pagans and Christians, set about preparing for himself a place of burial. He took for his tombstone the marble altar which he had caused the devil to fetch from Rome, and personally superintended the graving of his epitaph thereon.

The epitaph is as follows :—

“Citizen of the select city, I have, while still

living, made this (tomb) that I may have here before the eyes of men a place where to lay my body, I, who am named Avircius, a disciple of the spotless Shepherd, who on the mountain feedeth the flocks of His sheep and on the plains, who hath large eyes, that see all things. For He was my teacher, teaching me the faithful writings, He who sent me to Rome to behold the king, and to see the queen that wears golden robes and golden shoes. And I saw there a people marked with a shining seal. And Syria's plain I saw and all its cities, even Nisibis, crossing the Euphrates; and everywhere I found fellow-worshippers. Holding Paul in my hands I followed, while Faith everywhere went in front, and everywhere set before me, as food, the fish from the fountain, mighty, pure, which a spotless Virgin grasped. And this she (*i.e.*, 'Faith') gave to the friends to eat at all times, having excellent wine, giving the mixed cup with bread. These words I, Avircius, standing by, ordered to be written: I was of a truth in my seventy-second year. When he sees this, let every one pray for him (Avircius) who thinks with him. But no one shall place another in my grave; and, if he do, he shall pay 2000 gold

pieces to the Romans, and 1000 gold pieces to my excellent fatherland Hierapolis."

The last clause, imposing a penalty on any one who should desecrate the grave, is frequently found on both Christian and pagan tombs.

This is, briefly, the story of St. Abercius, as it was written by a native of Asia Minor about the end of the fourth century. The contrast between the trivialities and absurdities of the tale and the noble language of the epitaph, with its poetical and mystic reference to Christ, the Virgin and the Church, is sufficiently striking ; yet it can plainly be seen that much of the story is founded on an improper understanding of the facts stated in the epitaph.

The anniversary of the saint's death was long celebrated by religious services, and his tomb was probably a place of pilgrimage. He is mentioned by a few later Christian documents, where he is called the " Equal of the Apostles " and the " Miracle worker ".

Christianity had spread from Laodiceia and the other churches established by St. Paul, and had entered Phrygia from the south-east. But the new religion had reached the country also by a

second source from the north-west. The biography I have quoted makes Avircius the apostle of Christianity to the pagans : in reality he was only the leader of the orthodox party in an already firmly established Church—at a time when “orthodoxy” meant liberty and progress. The leader on the conservative side was Montanus, the founder of the “unpitying Phrygian sect” whose narrow views were stigmatised as heresy by the Church. Eusebius quotes a tract against the heresy of Montanus, written in the year 192, and addressed to Avircius Marcellus, Bishop of Hierapolis, by another Phrygian Christian. The name “Avircius Marcellus” shows that the saint was of either Gallic or Italian origin, while it is most probable that Montanus was of purely Phrygian parentage. The Phrygian Christians seem to have been a constant source of trouble to the Church, on account of their heretical tendencies ; and their Moalem descendants appear to inherit the characteristic, and, in some parts, are hated as rank heretics by orthodox Mohammedans.

As Christianity grew and spread, in spite of adversity and frequent persecution, conquering Asia Minor city by city, and province by pro-

vince, the gods that Rome had decreed should be the gods of the empire in the East, languished and died ; and the older native gods, who had held their own for a while against them, or had managed to exist under the disguise of Roman names, succumbed too, to the power of the new religion and disappeared ; or dared to be known only in far-away valleys and lonely glens, where, from age to age, no outside influence penetrates and the light of the world does not shine. But the natural wonders remained—the healing waters that boiled up out of the earth, and the great fertilising rivers that gushed full-grown from mysterious caverns in the mountain sides. As these had been regarded, long ago, as the gifts of some bountiful god, so now, when the gods were gone, the Christian saints got credit for them. And so the legend of Avircius grew. The writer of the *Life* collected the popular tales, and studied the epitaph on the tombstone, and used his own slight knowledge of history and geography to make the story go smoothly and consecutively ; and the “grand old man,” a pillar of orthodoxy in the early Church and the great opponent of its heresies, became the hero of a fairy tale.

Time rolled on. In the eleventh century the Moslem conquest swept over the land, and one after another the Christian peoples gave way before it, and bad ever became worse. The Seljuk Mohammedans preserved some, at least, of the traditions of civilisation, of learning, and of art. The ruins of their colleges and fortresses, palaces and *khans*, with their graceful forms and exquisite Arabesque ornamentation, are still the most beautiful in Asia Minor. The Ottoman Turk cares for none of these things. Where he has come there have inexorably followed ruin, stagnation, and decay. The land lies waste, the great cities with their temples and churches, their palaces and theatres, are gone. Of the five cities that flourished in the Phrygian plain where Avircius was born and died, not one stone remains upon another, and almost every trace of them has vanished. Their place knows them no more. You may find there, perhaps, a grass-grown mound, a few scattered stones, and the mud-built village of the modern Turk.

On returning home my husband published the inscription found at Kelendres. It at once attracted the notice of two distinguished scholars—the Abbé Duschènes at Paris, and Signor Di Rossi at

Rome. They called his attention to the fact that the first few lines were evidently a copy of the beginning of the epitaph of St. Abercius. Until that moment he had never heard of St. Abercius. And, in fact, although the *Life* of the saint was known to students of Christian history, both he and his "excellent fatherland of Hierapolis" had been generally relegated to the regions of mythology, the very existence of the city having come to be doubted. Its identity had become mixed up with that of the better known Hierapolis-on-the-Mæander, whose beautiful ruins, encrusted with the snowy deposit of its overflowing mineral waters, have been several times described by modern travellers.

Of course my husband's interest in the affair was now keener than ever. In 1883 he returned to further explore the district, accompanied by an American friend, Professor Sterrett; discovered the hot springs—which are still used as medicinal baths by the people of the surrounding country—and, as a crowning piece of good luck, found the actual tombstone of Avircius, built into the wall of one of the baths. It occupied a position that made it a convenient seat for the bathers, or a

place to put their clothes on while they were in the water !

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away !

My husband's further researches resulted, not only in the complete rehabilitation of St. Abercius, but also in the unearthing (to speak metaphorically only) of the five cities known in the early centuries as the Phrygian Pentapolis, of which the saint's native city, Hierapolis, was one ; and which had been almost as completely obliterated from history as they had from the face of the Phrygian plain.

For those who are interested in the history of Christianity and of the early Christian Church, the epitaph of Avircius is a document of importance ; for Catholics it is especially so. The date has been fixed with certainty (by reasoning too elaborate to be repeated here) as not later than 200 A.D. ; and it is the earliest authentic document that can be quoted as evidence of the high position which the Virgin held in the estimation of the early Church. It was only natural, therefore, that the Church of Rome should desire to have possession of the stone. It is, however, no easy matter to get any antiquity out of Turkey—whether with

or without the Sultan's permission. You can't take anything without his leave, and one is not likely to obtain his leave. The Pope's representative begged for the stone in vain. In 1888 I went with my husband to see it. It still occupied its ignominious position in the bath ; but a corner of it had become detached and was ready to fall away. And further, the fragment thus ready to fall contained the most important lines of the inscription, with the reference to the Virgin, of which I have just been speaking. We could not leave this precious fragment to perish, as it inevitably would, if left to the tender mercies, or to the carelessness, of the Turks. Had we not seen, a few days before, marbles dug up at Laodiceia to be thrown into Turkish lime-kilns and to make a Turkish road ? It was clearly the duty of self-respecting archaeologists to rescue it from such a fate, and carry it off to a place of safety.

We were staying for a day or two at the baths. The accommodation for travellers and visitors to the waters consisted of a big shed, open at one end, with the floor at either side raised about three feet, so as to form a small platform, on which the guests were permitted to cook and eat their meals, and

spread their lowly beds. But the *hammamji* was as genial as, and much more sweetly reasonable than, the manager of a first-class European hotel. A rough fragment of marble knocking about in his bath-room would only have been in the way of the guests. He willingly handed it over, and was astounded at the lordly *bakshish*, supplemented by the gift of a little tea, which he received at our departure. The stone was unostentatiously transferred from its place in the bath to one of our saddle-bags. We took it home with us to Aberdeen, and there it remained undisturbed for several years.

Meanwhile, as I have said, the representatives of the Pope tried in vain to gain possession of the remainder of the stone. But the Jubilee of Leo XIII. arrived. Gifts and congratulations were showered upon His Holiness from all parts of the world. A hint reached the Sublime Porte that the gift of the saint's tombstone would be regarded by the Pope as a graceful and appropriate mark of esteem from the Sultan; and so the altar which the devil had, at the saint's bidding, carried from Rome to Phrygia, was dug out of its humble resting-place beside the Phrygian spring, and sent back to Rome.

It was now the obvious duty of the archæologist to make this most interesting of all Christian monuments as nearly perfect as possible, since it had been brought to a place of safety ; so, as soon as we heard of the Sultan's gift, our precious fragment was sent off to its original and proper place.

This is the story, so far as I know it, of the stone which the devil, at the bidding of St. Abercius, carried from Rome to Phrygia, and which the Sultan, at the desire of Leo XIII., sent back from Phrygia to Rome. If any one doubts the tale, he may go to Rome and see for himself the stone as it now stands, after its eventful experiences of seventeen centuries, in a place of honour among the Christian antiquities in the Lateran Museum ; and may read with his own eyes the epitaph of Avircius Marcellus carved thereon. And, if he cares to do so, he may see two more recent inscriptions, cut on the base on which the tombstone stands, which tell how the stone was presented to the Pope by H.M. the Sultan Abd ul Hamid, and by Professor W. M. Ramsay of Aberdeen.

CHAPTER VIII.

DIARY OF A JOURNEY.

ON Thursday, July 10th, we left Smyrna by rail for Ala-Sheher, the ancient Philadelphia, still so named by the Greeks ; the terminus of the Smyrna and Kassaba Railway. Our servants and horses were awaiting us there.

In the train we fell in with an inspector of the tobacco *Régie*, an Austrian of Transylvania, who was just setting out on a business tour. Tobacco is one of the products of Turkey that have been monopolised for the benefit of Turkish bondholders, and no tobacco is allowed to be cultivated or manufactured except under the auspices of the *Régie*. The *Régie* goes in for quantity, not quality, and the consequence is that the formerly far-famed Turkish tobacco is no longer to be bought for love or money. Nobody is allowed to grow even a little for private use. It is the duty of the *Régie* to force every one to smoke its own

wretched stuff, and it is the duty of the inspector to prevent illicit cultivation. Our acquaintance, who is a very pleasant fellow and excellent company, said it cut him to the heart to force people to smoke the *Régie* tobacco, which he himself found detestable. A good deal of smuggling is done all the same, although little of the fine tobacco gets into the market. While we were talking I thought of a certain out of the way, unsuspected corner of a sunny garden I knew, where our old landlady grows her own tobacco, and smokes the cigarette of peace in spite of the *Régie*.

The inspector stayed with us a night in our first camp at Tepe-keui, an hour from Ala-Sheher, and came with us to Koula, a short ride of four hours, next morning, July 11th. There we parted in the expectation that our paths may cross again in a few days.

Koula lies in a most picturesque situation in a small oval valley entirely surrounded by mountains. Steep above the town rises a sharp conical hill, black and bare, called *Kara-Devitt* — the Black-Inkstand, a volcano which was active until a very recent time (geographically speaking), but

has been extinct for some thousands of years. The houses of the town are mostly built of lava, but the black appearance this gives to it is greatly relieved by numerous trees, which are now in full leaf. The mosques are built of white stone. It is a most prosperous place, and looks it. From time immemorial it has been celebrated for its carpets, and is now a centre of the carpet industry. It has also a large trade in wool, cotton, tobacco and opium. Of its 5000 or 6000 inhabitants, about a third are Greek, and they have the greater part of the trade in their hands.

Koula is a great health resort for the people of the surrounding country. The climate is splendid. The women, one and all, are pretty—both Turk and Greek—and in a variety of styles. Some are fair, some dark, some are plump, some slim. All have beautiful complexions, bright eyes, and abundant hair, and they are well grown, strong, and handsome. I asked some of them who came to see me at the camp, which was outside the town: "How is it that you are all so pretty?" They laughed and answered: "We have good air and good water". The Turkish women were not veiled—at least none that I saw—and only a slight

difference in the head-dress of the older women distinguished Turk from Greek, the latter wearing a kind of stiff wreath or crown instead of the Turkish handkerchief. Greek and Moslem appeared to be on the friendliest terms, and their manner of living much the same. I met no one who could speak Greek—nothing but Turkish. I have been told that even the Greek church service in Koula is performed in Turkish ; but my husband is doubtful if this is the case. He says also, that the Mohammedans of Koula are not really Turks by race, any more than the Cretan Mohammedans, whose home language is Greek. To judge from the looks, dress, and manners of the Moslem women here, compared with those in some other places, I think he is right.

The town lies near the site of an ancient city, Satala, and occupies the site of a mediæval city. No traces of ancient building are found in it ; but stones with inscriptions and fragments of marble are numerous, and some of them have been brought to Koula from places at a great distance. In one of the Greek houses several most interesting stones, with reliefs and inscriptions, are built into the walls of the hall. I made a drawing of

one of them. The large hall was delightfully cool, with white-washed walls and the floor paved with black slabs of lava. The ladies of the house were charming and very kind, and gave me *halva*, a sweetmeat for which Ala-Sheher is renowned, as Forfar is for "rock" and Banbury for its cakes.

We have an unusually lavish camp-equipment on this occasion—two tents, nine horses, a cook, two kavasses, and two muleteers. This magnificence is due to the presence of a young Cambridge man who has been travelling with my husband for the last two months, and whose identity I shall flimsily disguise under the title "Mr. Smith". When I arrived in Smyrna, where my husband and "Mr. Smith" met me, I found the latter suffering from a sharp attack of fever, from which he is not yet entirely recovered.*

The two kavasses are Murad, formerly a servant of Sir C. Wilson, and *Hadji* Omar,† who comes from Kaisari, has been a *hamal*,‡ and is a most ferocious-looking person. His complexion is like very bright copper, against which his light eye-

* "Mr. Smith" was obliged to give up the journey after ten days and return to England.

† The Turks pronounce this name more like Uemer.

‡ *Hamal*, i.e., porter.

brows look almost white. His beard and moustache are light brown, and he has blue eyes, one of which protrudes in a way that adds greatly to the ferocity of his appearance. We have as cook an Armenian, a very small man, known as "Aristaki," who was formerly in the service of Lieut. Bennet, from whom he learned a few nice English sentences, which he uses on every opportunity. One of them is, "Ten minutes and dinner will be ready," which he finds handy for any meal of the day, while he seldom forgets to address me as "sir". He is distinguished from the other servants not only by the smallness of his stature, but by his dress, which is that of the Frank.

Murad wears the (once) handsome, braided costume of the ordinary kavass, and the *Hadji* the ragged brown homespun of the *hamal*, but always with a scrupulously clean cotton shirt and inner jacket. These two have guns, and Omar a wide belt stuck full of pistols and huge brass-hilted knives, which are probably not so deadly as they look, and are worn, partly at any rate, for merely ornamental purposes. They are used, however, to cut off the heads of the fowls, which are our almost daily portion, and which are always slain in this way.

The Turk invariably decapitates his victim (so they say), whether brute or human.

Kara-Devitt, at the foot of which Koula lies, is on the southern edge of the Katakekaumene, or "Burnt Country," of the ancients. On Sunday (the 13th) we rode first westwards to a village called Menneh, then back again, past a village, Sandal, to Geulde, where we camped for a night.

What a ride it was! Never had I imagined such a dreary, gruesome, ghastly land! There are the three huge cones, called by Strabo the "three funnels," rising from the black plain like a row of gigantic cinder-heaps, some six or seven miles apart, in colour a dark brownish black, tinged here and there with red, bare of even the thinnest verdure. The lava has flowed not from the craters, but from the base of the cones, and has poured over the plain and down every valley. Now and then the stream, after flowing for miles, seems to have stopped with extraordinary abruptness, and stands like a high ridge of burnt-out coal against the green and fertile plain. The lava looks all rough and tossed about, as if great lumps that had cooled had been broken off and carried along by a fresh stream, and is full of fissures, great and small. For miles the road is

cut through the solid black mass, and looks like a path leading to a coal mine. In the ranges of hills round about are some twenty or thirty other volcanic cones, which are older and covered with scanty vegetation.

Geulde lies among the hills north of Koula, and about an hour's ride to the west is Sandal. Between them is the site of an ancient city, and many stones and inscriptions are found in both, built into walls, etc.

At Sandal we stopped for an hour or two for Will to copy inscriptions. One pretty long one in rather small letters was high up in the gable of a house, and built in upside-down. It is an invariable rule that, when an inscription is well out of reach, it should also be upside-down. I sat down in the dust within the shadow of a wall to watch his contortions as, balancing himself with difficulty on the top of a shaky ladder made of two thin tree-stems with spars nailed unevenly across at irregular intervals, he endeavoured to copy the letters into his note-book. A scorching sun beat down upon him. The *Hadji* who held the ladder looked as if he must soon collapse, he seemed to be softening so rapidly with the heat.

The crowd of onlookers kept well within the shade of the wall which sheltered me. Among them I observed a Greek, an elderly man, who kept eyeing me wistfully. By-and-by he came forward timidly and addressed me in Turkish, saying: "Welcome, *effendi*". I returned his greeting. Then he said: "My wife and I are expecting you. Come into our house, rest and eat."

I called to my husband, "Here is a Greek who wants us to go into his house," and he answered that we had not time for it.

When I said to the old man, "There is not time," he looked very much disappointed and began to urge me to come. I do not know sufficient Turkish to understand all he said, but I made out clearly that for some reason or other he and his wife were expecting us. When the inscription was copied and Will descended the ladder, the old man turned to him and repeated his persuasions. It appeared that a man (a stranger to the Greek) had come to his house early in the morning, offering him a fish for sale. The man said to him: "Buy this fish, for to-day strangers of your own religion will come to the village, and you will bring them into your house to rest and eat". Hearing this

the Greek had bought the fish—he hadn't even seen such a thing for more than a year—and his wife had prepared it for us! Of course after hearing this it was impossible any longer to decline his invitation. We gave the *Hadji* the lunch he had brought for us and sent him to the *musafir-oda* to eat it, so that our kind hosts might not be embarrassed by the presence of a Turk, and accompanied the Greek into his house, which was in fact the very one in whose shadow I had been sitting.

What a relief it was to get inside! The house was charmingly cool, and as clean as a new pin. The room we were taken into was entirely open on the shadiest side, with a balcony, over which projected a broad, slanting, wooden roof. At one side a table was ready, with cushions for us to sit on. Our host was evidently a man of means. His wife was a most kindly and pleasant-looking woman, and they had one child, a little girl of ten or twelve, named Anna, who was as lively and chirpy as a little bird.

Besides the miraculous fish, which had been stuffed with rice and herbs, and nicely cooked, there was a dish of eggs fried in oil, excellent bread, butter, honey and *raki*. The old man par-

took of the last, but of nothing else. The food was for us alone; they simply waited upon us! After we had eaten and talked a little and drunk coffee, they showed us to an inner room where piles of mattresses and quilts were prepared for our *siesta*. When we said good-bye to them the woman kissed me, and they both thanked us warmly for our kindness in accepting their hospitality, declaring that the favour bestowed was entirely on our part! On returning to camp at Geulde we found "Mr. Smith" and Murad, who had gone on an excursion eastward from Koula.

Monday, July 14th.—We left Geulde this morning, riding north to the Hermus down a narrow glen to where the lava terminates in a lofty, gloomy cliff overhanging the river. Having crossed the stream, a short ride brought us to *Hammamli*—hot springs—where we pitched our camp on the grassy bank of a stream. Here there are many remains of ancient building, including part of a theatre and of a wall, built of large beautifully cut stones, put together without cement. There are traces of enclosure, and the remains, which do not cover any great space, are probably those of a *hieron*, or holy place, where

some god was worshipped and sickness was cured by the medicinal waters of the springs. The baths are still resorted to for the same purpose. On a face of rock, which apparently formed part of the enclosing wall, several niches are cut, containing figures in relief, greatly defaced. In one a scene is represented where a figure lies on a couch or bed, surrounded by a group of people, probably Adonis wounded by the boar's tusk, as "Mr. Smith" points out. I made photos and drawings, neither, I fear, successful.

Wednesday, 16th.—The first part of our ride from the *Hammam* was over a glaring white road under a broiling sun. By-and-by we came to finely cultivated country with plenty of trees, mostly oak, where I noticed many birds.

We find the villages very empty, as the people are in the harvest fields. They don't take the trouble to go home at night, but sleep in tents sometimes, and sometimes on the open ground.

We are close to the town of Selende, encamped on the bank of a river, the Aine-Tchai, under shady trees. Selende is the residence of a *mudir*, who, immediately after our arrival, came to call upon us. He was accompanied by a tall, stalwart

young man with a black moustache, carrying a baby. The *mudir* apologised for the presence of the latter, saying she was his only child and, as she was teething and not very well, he was afraid to let her out of his sight. I offered them tea which they declined, as it is *Ramazan* and they can neither eat nor drink nor smoke between sunrise and sunset. The nurse accepted some sweet biscuits for the baby (who slept during the visit). In the evening the *mudir* returned accompanied by his wife, father, four young girls and four young men (I presume his sisters and brothers; but I did not inquire), and the baby, whom on this occasion he carried himself. They filled the tent completely. I gave them tea with heaps of sugar. They had to take it in turns, as we have only four tea-cups. They seemed very jolly and we all laughed a great deal. One thing is certain, this *mudir* is not a Turk. He is young and good-looking and his wife is very pretty, with large black eyes and a creamy complexion.

This morning Will and I rode to Kara-Selende, the site of the ancient Silandus. "Mr. Smith" is ill, I am sorry to say, and could not go with us. The *mudir*, who seemed to have a fancy for our

company, followed us with a friend. We found only one small inscription on a Turkish grave. The people said there was a stone with letters and "seven heads" on it, which had been found in a field when the corn was being sown, so we dismounted to wait till a man went to find out exactly where it was. *Hadji* Omar wouldn't tie up his horse, as he says it never does any harm ; consequently it kept going in turn to each of the others and fighting them. It broke my bridle with its hoof, and it took the *Hadji* all his time running after it to prevent worse mischief. But his faith in its harmlessness remains unshaken. I must say he is an excellent servant, very obliging and willing to work. He brings me a flower every morning and seems always on the out-look to anticipate my wants.

The man returned to conduct us to the spot where the stone was said to be, and indicated quite a large district in a field of standing corn ! As we could not go trampling through that, we told him if he would find it he should have a *medjid*, and returned to camp.

The tents were unendurably hot, so we found a house where it was rather cooler, open in front,

with a wooden floor. The people gave us carpets and cushions, and we had a sumptuous repast of French beans, eggs, tea, fresh butter, bread, *yaghurt* and honey. The *Hadji* brought, besides, roasted corn-cobs, but as nobody wanted them he put them at the far end of the room to tempt the flies away from us. These look like common house-flies, but bite most viciously, and make a *siesta* impossible.

In the afternoon the people brought us two inscriptions, and the *mudir* again came to call. His visits are rather a bore; but the cook says he made the people charge for things reasonably, when they had demanded a *medjid* for three *okes* of milk and other things in proportion. So we ought to be grateful to him. His intentions are good. We are resting the horses for a day.

Thursday, 17th.—The *Hadji* was sent this morning to find the stone with the seven heads, and Will and I crossed the *Tchai* to wait for him under the shade of a big tree. A Greek saw us, and invited us into his garden, and sent for a carpet and cushions for us. He said he had come from Kassaba, near Smyrna, to make a market garden here, as land is good and very cheap, and

there is plenty of water. A number of women were hoeing and planting. He remarked about only the women working—they were elderly Turkish women—and said they knew nothing, but he showed them what to do, and they worked hard and well. He asked me to walk round the garden (which I did to please him, although the sun was broiling), and gave me a melon and some cucumbers.

The *Hadji* returning said there was nothing on the stone, so we all came on. We had a long ride up the river, through wild scenery—tremendous rocks all tumbled about the valley. Up and up we went, till we came to a tiny village, right in the mountain-pass, called Ishkin. It was almost deserted, the people as usual being away in the harvest fields. There is a magnificent harvest this year. What a difference it makes! Everybody looks well-fed and jolly; whereas on some of our journeys in previous years we have seen them look like living skeletons. At Ishkin there are a few ancient tombs cut in the face of the cliff, but quite inaccessible. There is excellent water, and there are one or two well-built fountains. On looking about we found an ancient wine-press

cut in the rocks, one grave, and a few other marks of cutting. Early in the afternoon the towering cliffs hid the sun, and the evening is now delightfully cool.

Friday, July 18th.—The first thing I saw on coming out of the tent this morning was three women sitting in a row on the ground. Two of them were curious-looking old crones with no teeth, but with wild unkempt hair of a bright caroty red, and light hazel eyes. They had brought me a gift of pears. The third was young, and carried a small baby ; but when I wanted to look at the baby she covered its face and fled. The old women said she was afraid of my eyes as they were blue, and that is the "evil" colour !

Then a man came and asked if we would order Aristaki to give him one of our dinner-knives, as he had asked the cook for it in vain ! We were obliged to refuse, as we have only what we absolutely require for the journey.

From Ishkin we came by a narrow, rough, winding, up-and-down road—or rather track—through a sort of shrubbery of dwarf-oak and other bushes, to the plateau above. We always ride in single file however good the roads may be,

as the horses fight when they get alongside of each other. A badly aimed kick may hit the rider, though meant for the horse, and cause considerable damage. The proper way is to keep your horse's nose just beyond biting distance of the tail of the horse in front. This requires a certain amount of care and calculation. If you relax your attention for a moment, your horse knows it, and immediately makes a grab at the tail that dangles temptingly before him. The one assailed, who has one eye on the animal in front of him and is keeping a look-out round the corner with the other, retaliates by trying to kick the offender on the nose. This keeps the horses lively and amused, but is sometimes irritating to a rider whose mind is occupied with other things, in which case it is better to allow a yard or two between the horses.

My husband's orders are that all members of our company keep within a few yards of each other, and straggling is strictly prohibited. The road from Ishkin was, however, of such a nature that we were often out of sight of each other for a minute or two at a time. Coming round a curve I saw Mura who was next to me in front, lying

on his stomach on a huge boulder, and his horse grazing quietly on the bushes beside the path. I hurried forward to inquire what was the matter, and found that he was pressing against his stomach a smaller boulder on the top of the big one, to relieve, as he said, a horrible pain! I discovered further, that he had eaten before starting a large quantity of unripe wild cherries, which the villagers had brought us and we refused, as they were uneatable even when cooked. He had eaten stones and all, which is the way they do here! I made him eat a Cockle's pill, and he seems none the worse now. Besides doing this sort of thing, the men drink at every spring we pass—and we have passed about a dozen to-day. The consequence is that they are always thirsty, and if for a few hours there is no water they are wretched. They simply pour with perspiration all the time.

On the plateau we stopped to rest and eat our lunch, not far from a little village called Hashik, and close to a spring of ice-cold water, where there grew two great mulberry trees covered with delicious fruit. The *Hadji* climbed the trees and gathered quantities for us. Will would not eat any, wishing to set "Mr. Smith" an example of

abstinence ; but the latter and I enjoyed them. On the plateau there was a delightfully cool breeze, and although the thermometer was 85° in the shade, it didn't feel hot.

We are now camped on a wind-swept hill just outside a village called Kushu. We found the tents pitched when we arrived and everything seemed ready, when, inquiring about dinner, we found there was none ! Aristaki declared that he had made every effort, but the people maintained that in their village there was nothing to eat—no eggs, no fowls, no milk, no food for the horses. They will say this sometimes though the country for miles around is dotted with their flocks and herds, and hens and chickens by the score are scratching under your very feet—as is the case here. Aristaki, however, hasn't the knack of dealing with Turks. Probably the people thought he would not pay for anything—as they are apt to do at first. To save further waste of time, Will told Murad to send a man up the minaret, to proclaim aloud our wants and our intention to pay for everything.

In a few minutes the *imam* appeared on the minaret, with his hand at his ear as if he were

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about to call to prayer, and with bell-like voice chanted forth the list of our wants, calling upon the people of Kushu in the name of God and the Prophet to supply them and receive payment at our hand.

Then we all sat down and waited.

In a short time a number of small processions were seen, coming from the village and slowly climbing the hill towards the camp. A dirty-looking man would saunter up; with his hands stuck into his waistband, or, in one or two cases, carrying a baby, followed by a couple of women with sacks of chopped straw or bundles of hay on their backs, or carrying fowls, vegetables, water-melons, eggs, dishes of milk, etc. The poor beasts of burden deposited their loads and went silently away, while their masters remained to look at the strangers and their doings.

"Mr. Smith" was much worse this afternoon.

Saturday, 19th.—Our ride from Kushu to-day was northwards, through a fine fertile country to Simav, where we now are. The camp is in a shady place outside the town; but on arriving we went first to a *khan* to rest and have lunch. The *khan* is large, three storeys high, and built chiefly of wood, with quaint galleries and big airy rooms.

We had scarcely arrived when the *Kaimmakam* came along. He did not at first ask to see us, but sent up a brief message demanding our papers. Will sent a message in reply that we were awaiting the arrival of our servants with the luggage, and he would then call on the *Kaimmakam* with his papers. This did not satisfy the gentleman, who became rather bullying and insisted that he must see the passport of each member of the party, etc. While he was still making a fuss and all the people in the *khan* were taking an interest in the affair, the packs arrived and the papers were exhibited. The *Kaimmakam* was quite taken aback at the sight of the firmans, which I don't think he could read, and his overbearing manner gave place to one of servile politeness. He was about to retire when the *Hadji*, who had hitherto remained very quiet, produced a passport from Smyrna (which he had had in his pocket all the time), flourished it under the *Kaimmakam's* nose and remarked that if *that* didn't satisfy him he had plenty more!

The poor *Kaimmakam* hastily declared himself more than satisfied; inquired if we wanted an escort of *zaptiehs*; excused himself from receiv-

ing a return visit from the *Tchelebi* on the ground that it was *Ramazan* and he was going out ; and left the *khan* as quickly as he could.

Among the on-lookers who had collected during this scene I noticed a funny-looking dwarf, who was no sooner aware that he was attracting my attention than he ran off and exchanged his Turkish dress for a European one, with an enormous gold chain across his waistcoat. Then he smoked cigarettes, strutted up and down and leered and made eyes at me. I pretended to be greatly impressed and filled with admiration. He says he used to be jester to the late Sultan Abd ul Aziz. He says he is eighty years old ; but he doesn't look it. He is two and a half feet high and well proportioned—quite tall for his bulk, with a hideously ugly face and blue eyes.

We found in the *khan* also a young Austrian merchant, travelling with his servant to buy walnut, which is plentiful hereabout. He buys only such trees as have a kind of abnormal growth near the root (if I understand him rightly), as it is this growth which is valuable. He is a nice fellow and, hearing we were archæologists, he took us to see a stone in the room he was occupying. It has a

curious inscription and a small figure in relief. In the evening he came to see us in camp and dined with us.

Simav lies at the foot of a range of hills on the southern edge of a magnificently fertile plain—the Simav-ova—where corn, tobacco and opium are largely cultivated. Most of the houses have gardens and are shaded by trees. It occupies the site of the ancient Synaos, but almost nothing remains of the old city. A few inscriptions are built into the walls of the mosque and of the houses, but no ruins or traces of building are visible. The mountains behind the town are well-wooded, wild and picturesque, and broken by deep ravines.

We hear from the people that the *zaptiehs* have shot a brigand to-day.

Sunday, 20th.—Will and I rode to Killisse-Keui, the site of the ancient Ancyra, three hours north-east across the plain. The ancient site is on a hill beside a marshy lake, from which the Macestus—called here Simav-Su—flows a full-grown river. The modern village is at the foot of the hill. A few old stones and slight traces of building are the only visible remains of the ancient town, and we found only one small inscription. There are several

other villages in the plain. Everywhere the country seems prosperous and the crops are splendid. In this district there are plenty of trees—plane, walnut and various others. On returning to camp, we were told that the head of the unfortunate brigand was now placed over the gate of the *konak*.

Tchavdir-Hissar, Wednesday, July 23.—We left Simav early on Monday, and rode up among the mountains, the Ak Dag, camping for the night at a picturesque village named Shap-Khane. Here also there was a *mudir*, a Circassian refugee, who came and called on us and was very friendly and polite. "Mr. Smith" was still so unwell that he was obliged to return home, and left Shap-Khane for Ala-Sheher on Tuesday morning accompanied by the *Hadji* and a hired *Katriji*. The *Hadji* was chosen as being far the most capable of our men, and I've no doubt he will see "Mr. Smith" safely through his journey to the precincts of civilisation. He is to rejoin us farther on. Meantime the *mudir* of Shap-Khane has given us a *zaptieh* to fill his place.

After we had regretfully seen "Mr. Smith" depart, we came on over a wild mountain-pass to Gediz—the ancient Cadi. The village is a bleak,

treeless, sordid-looking place, built on a mountain torrent between two hills. One of these is high, cone-shaped and grim, and is probably the site of the acropolis of Cadi. The streets are rough and very steep and narrow. In the bridge which spans the narrow river in a single arch are several inscriptions, and we found another being used as doorstep to one of the houses. We camped in a stubble-field outside the town.

At Gediz there was a third *mudir*! *Toujours perdrix*! And this one was a contrast to the other two, and laid himself out to be disagreeable—which was not difficult in the circumstances. He evidently wanted to be bribed into behaving decently to us.

We had expected to find letters, as there is a post office, but there were none, and it took a considerable amount of time, trouble and *bakshish* before the *Tchelebi* succeeded in arranging for them to be sent after us by special messenger. However, we did get away at last, and came northwards across the mountains and through lovely forests of oak and pine to Tchavdir-Hissar, which lies in a great fertile plain, the highest in this part of Asia Minor.

Tchavdir-Hissar is the ancient Aezani, and we are camped on the bank of the Rhyndacus, known here simply as the *Tchai*, *i.e.* stream, in sight of a beautiful ancient bridge. The river, which flows through the town, rises in Mount Dindymus—called by the Turks Murad-Dagh—a range which crosses the plateau from east to west.

This is one of the most interesting places in Asia Minor, both because of its beautiful situation and because of the many remains of the ancient city. These I won't attempt to describe, that being my husband's business, not mine; and it would require the ability of an experienced archaeologist to do it rightly. The ruins of a magnificent temple stand on a high square terrace, and there are remains of a theatre and other buildings, besides fragments of sculpture, etc., and many tombs. There are also many inscriptions.

The people are ragged and dirty, but polite and friendly. The town is on the trade route, and is a regular halting-place for caravans.

Altıntash, Monday, July 28th.—We remained at Tchavdir-Hissar till Saturday morning. On Thursday we rode some distance down the river to see a massive ancient bridge, and found two

curious circles of wrought stone on a grassy hill-top, and some cuttings in the cliff by the river. The weather was cloudy and cool, and coming back to camp I could not resist taking a good gallop on a fine stretch of green sward, and got rather heated. Rain came on just as we reached the tent and the temperature fell suddenly, as it always does with rain. The consequence was an attack of fever for me—aching bones, splitting headache, shivering, and all the other discomforts that go to make up such an attack.

In the evening the messenger from Gediz arrived with our letters.

On Friday I was too seedy to do anything. On Saturday we wandered about all day, visiting different villages, but finding nothing interesting in the way of antiquities, and camped at night at Ginik-Euren.

On Sunday we had a long ride through varied scenery of hill and plain and forest, and arrived after dark at Apia—ancient Abia—where we found the tent on a grassy spot, among pine-trees, beside a stream. There is a ruined Roman bridge and we found some inscriptions. A few ancient tombstones had been newly dug up in

a field. Will says Apia would be a good place to excavate. 4

Here (Altyntash) we expected to find the *Hadji* awaiting us, but he has not yet turned up. The tent is pitched among trees beside a muddy river from which we get water for cooking and washing. It is also much frequented by herds of cattle and flocks of geese—but one can't have everything in this world.

The packs had as usual been sent on by the shortest road, while Will and I, with Murad and the *zaptieh*, visited a number of villages. Even when there are no inscriptions for the *Tchelebi* to copy, our progress is slow, for he is constantly stopping to make geographical observations. Our own men soon get used to this strange custom of his, of stopping on every hill-top or elevated point of the road, and holding mysterious commune with the several strange creatures that he carries in little leather cases hanging about him, and whose occult revelations (which nobody else—not even “Madama”—can hear) he immediately writes down in his sacred *kitab*; but the *zaptieh* can't make it out at all and is deeply impressed—or depressed I might say in the case of the one we have with us at present.

In consequence of these delays it was evening when we reached Altyntash, though not dark. We had to ride through the village to reach the camp. The inhabitants—at least those of the superior sex—were on the look-out for us. I had ridden ahead closely followed by the *zaptieh*, and as we passed through the village the people said to me, “Salaam-alcikum,” a greeting bestowed only on the faithful. I thought it rather odd, and as I didn’t at all “see their little game,” took no notice except to hold my head high and eye

My husband, arriving a few minutes later, inquired of them if a lady and her servant had passed that way. They answered: “No. No lady had passed. The only strangers who had been seen that day were a Circassian chief and his attendant *zaptieh*, who had just ridden through the village.” They added that they “had greeted the Circassian with ‘salaam-alcikum,’ but he had not answered them”.

Will knew it was me, as people are often puzzled as to my sex on first view, my grey habit rather resembling the Circassian dress, which consists partly of a long coat fitting closely to the waist and with a full skirt, and a small round cap. Once, while my

husband was still a "tenderfoot," he noticed a very tall woman in a grey ulster riding in the retinue of Sir C. Wilson, with whom he was travelling, and thought she must have joined the company for the sake of escort, when she turned round and he saw that it was Sir Charles's Circassian groom!

The people were evidently relieved to find that I was not a Circassian, as the presence of one accompanied by the ever-dreaded *zaptieh* could have boded no good to them. Although I have been here before I don't recognise any of them, but some of them remember my husband and show great pleasure at seeing him again. The *imam* has taken us up the minaret to get a view of the surrounding country. There is barely room to squeeze oneself up the narrow spiral stair, which is dark but for a tiny loophole here and there in the wall. One gets a splendid view from the top and the scene is very fine.

Liyen, Wednesday, 30th July.—This village lies in a rocky glen. The high cliffs of rather soft, light-coloured rock are full of ancient houses and tombs. We are camped in a garden under shady trees. I have been out about three-quarters of an hour's ride to see the sculptured rock that Will and

Professor Sterrett found last year. It stands out from the hill-foot like a solitary column roughly pointed and squared. Some feet from the ground a small chamber or shrine is cut in it. The inside walls are carved to represent a folding door, open, with the halves folded back against the wall on either side. At the back of the chamber is a very rude representation of the goddess Cybele with her attendant lions. The latter are of much better workmanship than their mistress. Two serpents form the *acroterson* over the sculptured front, in which the doorway is set. On one of the flat sides of the rock is carved a lion, in relief; on the other a griffin. Above the shrine, and entered from the back of the rock, is a tiny chamber, which was perhaps the dwelling of a hermit in later times. We explored a great many of the houses and tombs. Some are very ancient, others show signs of early Christian habitation, and many are still used as houses by the people of Liyen.

The *Hadji* rejoined us at Osman-keui, a village near which we camped last night, where the people owned enormous herds of cattle and horses and goats and sheep, and the dogs barked and howled all night. He reported "Mr. Smith" all well at Ala-Sheher.

On our way here yesterday we stopped about noon at a little village called Karaja-Ahmet. This is the name, as the villagers informed us, of a great Mohammedan hero, for whose sake the village is exempt from taxation. His tomb is inside the mosque and twenty-nine of his followers lie in silent state beside him. The tombs are of the usual bier shape, about four feet high, sloping towards the foot, and covered with dirty green cloths and rags, and with white muslin turbans at the heads. The hero's faded banner hangs above his tomb, and marvellously beautiful carpets are spread around it. In the floor close to the tomb is fixed a wooden box with a lid, containing fine sand or dust. One of the villagers who accompanied us said that this dust was a medicine for every ill ; on hearing which our attendant *zaptieh* clutched a handful and crammed it into his mouth, nearly choking himself, and rendering himself speechless for some time. Just inside the mosque door was a kind of stocks, made of heavy logs of wood, and the same villager explained that confinement in them was a cure for madness ; and if you were ill and voluntarily confined yourself in them and remained there all night alone, in the

morning you would be perfectly well. We suggested that the *zaptieh* should try this as well as the dust cure, and the audience enjoyed the joke. A *zaptieh* in the stocks would have been a delightful variety for them.

There is a great marshy lake in the plain beyond Liyen, inhabited by wild duck, and Murad was determined to get us some. The Turk is not a "mighty hunter"; but our men will take a shot at a partridge when one, too ignorant to know any better, flutters under their nose. The *Tchelebi* is not a "sportsman," and never shoots game. I watched while Murad loaded his gun with small shot and took aim at a flotilla of innocent little duckies. He hit several. Then he pulled off his shoes and leggings and dashed boldly in among the rushes to fetch them—and vanished! In a moment he came scrambling out again, wet to the shoulders, and with at least a score of horse leeches clinging to his bare legs. He took it all very philosophically, pulled off the leeches, and with blood trickling in little streams down his legs, coolly resumed his shoes and leggings, and we rode away after the others.

On Thursday, the 31st, we came on to Demirli,

an insignificant Yuruk village, where we have been camping for several days and riding about exploring the district. There are many rock tombs and graves—many of them Christian—but few inscriptions.

The people of Demirli are very friendly, and have come to regard us, I believe, as permanent residents. The men spend most of their time about our camp, gossiping and 'drinking tea with Aristaki and the *katrijis*. The women are in the harvest fields all day. I have not seen a single man helping with the work. There are two or three Circassian refugees among them, who have married Yuruk women, and they appear to have adopted Yuruk manners, for, as a rule, the wives of Circassians do not work in the fields. Round the Circassian villages we see only men doing the field work. The Yuruk women work hard and waste no time, even at their meals. Several of them have babies on their backs all the time they are shearing the corn. They are terribly ragged and dirty, "but healthy and by no means bad looking. One of them has had a baby since we came here. She was working with the others all day, the baby was born at night, and next day

she was back working in the fields as usual, with the little creature slung in a cloth on her back.

One of the Circassians and his wife are specially friendly. The wife comes often to call upon me with her baby, a wee elfish thing with round eyes and a dreadfully neglected nose. It wears one tiny ragged cotton garment and a little red *fez*, with a tassel of blue beads and shells to preserve it from the "evil eye". It is a little girl, and when its mother informed me of that fact, the first time she brought it, she added rather bitterly the single word—"sheitan"—"devil". When I required an explanation, she said she meant it was a pity to be born a woman, because for women life was so hard. Poor thing!

The "Lion Tombs," which we discovered in 1881, are about an hour's ride from the village. Ten years before we found them, Professor Ernst Curtius had stated his conviction, that some day some fortunate traveller would discover, in the heart of Phrygia, the prototype of the lions which ornament the famous gateway of Mycenae. We were the fortunate travellers. We had stopped at a village named Ayazinn, where the houses were chiefly ancient rock tombs, and the

inhabitants were mostly charcoal-burners and belonged to the hated heretical sect of Kizil-Bash. Their patriarch and chief was a miserable old man, dressed in rags and shaking with ague ; and at the moment when we made his acquaintance the cup of his misfortunes had overflowed—his solitary, precious cow had mysteriously disappeared. Our arrival was opportune. A judicious administration of quinine relieved him for the time of his ague, and a lucky chance enabled us to procure the recovery of the lost cow (see p. 69). His gratitude was unbounded. He heard that we were in search of "written rocks" and saw some of our party making drawings of the animals and other sculptured work that remained on some of the ancient tombs ; so he told the *Tchelebi* he knew of a rock on which there were "a lion and a leopard" and offered to conduct him to the place.

My husband and I set off with him, and after about an hour's ride reached a rock-bounded valley. Suddenly we stopped. Right in our path lay a gigantic fragment of rock that had fallen from the hillside, and on the face of it was carved, in high relief, a huge lion's head. This

was not what our guide had brought us to see, however. He couldn't imagine what we were waiting for, hurried us on fifty yards or so and stopped in front of the Lion Tomb.

Imagine a cube of rock, forty feet or so in height and the same in breadth, standing out sharply from the hillside. A square hole, just big enough to admit a man, is cut in the centre, and leads to a sepulchral chamber, small and of the simplest kind. But on either side of this little doorway stands a great rampant lioness with a cub lying at her feet. Each lioness rests a forepaw on the top of a column which is carved above the door. The sculpture is in low relief and, though rude, is full of life and vigour. The lionesses, which are about twenty feet high and of powerful proportions, face each other with wide-open jaws, the lips drawn back over their sharp teeth, as if roaring angry defiance. We were, of course, delighted, and my husband handed our guide a *bakshish* that made the old fellow shout with astonishment and joy, and jump about like a kid.

The lion's head which we saw first was part of the sculpture on a much more elaborate tomb, which had fallen to pieces, probably through the

action of water on the rocks, perhaps assisted by an earthquake. The sepulchral chamber had been very large, with a good deal of architectural ornamentation, and along one side of it there had been a little gallery supported by columns with quaint proto-Ionic capitals. The exterior had been ornamented with sculpture on two sides. On one were a couple of warriors, with shields and crested helmets, aiming their spears at a grotesque figure which occupied the space between them. On the other face there had been the upper part only* of three great rampant lions, in high relief. The head that still remains is a piece of beautiful, though perhaps somewhat conventional workmanship. The eye seems full of fire, and the whole is lifelike and expressive—the lips, as in the case of the lionesses, being drawn back in an angry snarl that shows all the teeth. This head measures over seven feet from the tip of the nose to the back. This district is several times mentioned

* In this respect a correction has to be made in the drawing published by my husband in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* 1888, p. 361 (in which and the volumes 1882 1884 1889 almost all the Phrygian monuments here mentioned may be seen). His restoration of the form of this monument from the scattered fragments has recently been confirmed in all essentials by Professor F. von Reber of Munich.

by Greek writers under the name of the "Lions' Heads".

We have spent a lot of time at the tombs and made several photographs. There is no change since we were last here. The trench which Will had made in front of one of the tombs, in order to get at part of the inscription which was covered by the accumulation of soil, remains just as we left it. Some men from Demirli who accompanied us drew our attention to the hole, and informed us that, a few years ago, a stranger had dug out of it three camel loads of treasure, which he had taken away with him! On the former occasion we had been staying at Ayazinn, a village in the opposite direction from Demirli, so these people do not know that the *Tchelebi* is the stranger they are talking about.

We sent a man to Kara-Hissar, which is about seven hours south from here, to fetch our letters.

We remained at Demirli till Saturday, 9th August, when we packed up our goods and chattels, said good-bye to the people, and rode off towards the north. About midday we reached a Circassian village in a fine fertile valley among the mountains. The Circassian refugees have

quite a genius for fixing on the best places for their own. But there is still plenty of room. One rides for days over magnificent country with hardly a living soul to be seen between dawn and dark.

As we drew near the village we observed the men cutting the corn in the fields ; and reaching the middle of the village we came on a little troop of boys and girls leaving school with their books in their hands. Pretty creatures they were—especially the little girls, who are not nearly so sun-blackened as Yuruk children and other Turkish peasants. They looked very clean, and were well-dressed in bright colours. One little beauty of twelve or so led the way. She had a row of gold coins across her forehead, and a veil of green gauze spangled with silver fluttered round her dainty little face and neck. Circassian women are always handsome and graceful, and often very beautiful, with a particularly lively expression. The men are handsome also, with fierce and rather haughty look, and a swagger in their movements that is distinctly impressive and attractive. Yuruks and Turks, on the contrary, have frequently a lazy, slouching, or loutish appearance.

The headman of the village was at his prayers when we arrived, but soon made his appearance, and conducted us to his house. What a contrast there was to the village we had left! The walls of the room we were taken into were plastered and whitewashed; the windows had glass and neat wooden shutters; and the shelves which ran round high on the walls were neat and supported on carved brackets. The *diwan* was covered with a handsome carpet, and mattresses and cushions were in abundance. They brought us *yaghurt* and new milk, etc., and were very kind and pleasant. Circassians are generally considered (and are in fact) rather "kittle cattle"; but we like them, and always find them "hail fellow, well met". They are intelligent and quick-witted. Our men, however, don't share our liking for them, and will always avoid them if they can.

At first I was an object of great interest. They couldn't make out my sex, and still less could they make out my saddle. They are great horsemen, and the first thing they did was to examine our steeds and their accoutrements. My saddle with its "crutch" and single stirrup was most mysterious. Finally they came to the conclusion that I

had only one leg! However, I convinced them of the contrary by walking about. When we were leaving they crowded round to see me mount, which I did with my husband's assistance, and they were still further lost in wonder that a person who could display such agility should require such an extraordinary support for her limb!

After we had lunched and were still in the house, we saw from the windows the men running in from the fields, and other people rushing about, putting carts and other heavy things on the tops of the hay and corn stacks; all the women and children hurried into the houses, and doors and windows were closed. The sun had disappeared and a light wind had sprung up, just as the people showed signs of excitement. About five minutes from the time at which the first rustle of wind was heard, a gigantic wind-driven cloud of brown dust came sweeping along the valley, struck the village, and passed on its way, leaving everything outside topsy-turvy, and every soul inside the houses gasping, half-choked and nearly blinded. In spite of the closed doors and windows, the atmosphere of the room we were in was so thick with dust one couldn't see across it. When we looked

out we saw the storm sweeping away in the distance. In less than a quarter of an hour everything was all right again, except for a thick layer of fine brown dust everywhere, and a good deal of coughing and sneezing, both from the people and the animals.

From Tcherkess-Keui, as this village was called—the name means simply “Circassian village”—our way lay over a wild mountain-pass, wooded with oak and pine. It was very silent and lonely. For hours we neither saw nor heard man, beast nor bird. Just at the top of the pass, our way was obstructed for a moment or two by an army of golden brown moths, flying in a dense mass all in one direction, across the path. They poured out of the shadow of the trees on one side, the sunlight glinted on their golden wings a moment, then they vanished into the shadow on the other side.

Having passed the summit, we began to descend by a deep and narrow glen, its gloomy depths made still more gloomy by thousands of tall black pines, in the topmost branches of which the sighing of a fitful breeze made the only sound that disturbed the oppressive stillness. The *Tchelebi* had stopped at the top of the pass to make geographical obser-

vations, while I rode slowly on followed by the *Hadji*. Half-way down the glen we came on the ruins of a Byzantine village. Here and there were remains of walls, and blocks of hewn stone were scattered about among the brushwood and long coarse grass. On the steep side of the glen was the ruin of a huge cistern or reservoir. Hundreds of graves were cut in the rocks, all open and empty. I wandered 'about among the ruins for some time, and then sat down on the edge of a grave to wait. The loneliness and silence oppressed me. I listened in vain for the sound of hoofs coming down the glen. Nothing stirred—not even a bird or a rabbit. The *Hadji* had remained with the horses. I could just see him as he lay apparently asleep among the long grass. We have been hearing a good deal about brigands on this journey. I thought of the one shot at Simav. It occurred to me that a whole band of brigands might easily have concealed themselves among the ruins and the brushwood. I had an uneasy sensation of being watched by unseen eyes. Suppose they were only waiting for the arrival of the *Tchelebi*? or suppose he had been stopped farther up the glen? I must go back. But then I might

miss him. Anyhow, this silent waiting, watched perhaps by lurking brigands, or, worse still, by the ghosts of dead Byzantines, was unendurable. I would go on to the camp. I started down the hill at a run, calling to the *Hadji* at the same time. An echo repeated his name, startling him as much as it did me.

The sun was near setting as we reached the end of the glen and emerged upon the plain ; another hour would bring us to the camp. Still there was no sign of the *Tchelebi*. I felt terribly anxious, and bitterly regretted coming on alone. We had not long left the glen, when we observed, at some distance across the plain, a solitary horseman. He apparently noticed us at the same moment, and putting his horse to the gallop in a few minutes had pulled up by our side. As he approached, we saw by his dress that he was a *zaptieh*. He saluted us politely and inquired if we had, during the day, encountered any of his companions. They had been out for several days in search of a small band of notorious robbers, who were known to be lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood. There had originally been five of them—two Circassians and three Yuruks. Two of the

Yuruks had been captured and taken to Seidi-Gazi to prison. One of these, he said, was the son of well-to-do people, and his father and mother had been imprisoned along with him; while their flocks and herds and all their other possessions had been seized and conveyed to the town, to await the judgment of the law. It is no joke in Turkey to be the parents of a prodigal son!

An hour later we found the tent pitched in a stubble-field, near a little Yuruk village called Bakshish. The cook was seated beside a roaring fire enjoying a cigarette. On our appearance he assumed an attitude of despair, and explained that the inhabitants of the village, being nomads, were all away at their summer quarters, and there was neither milk, *yaghurt*, eggs, fowls, nor anything else to be had for dinner. My anxiety, however, was not so much about that important meal as about the absentees. Our stores contained rice, melted fat, and tea. Had we not sometimes been in the same position minus the rice? Although almost sick with vague dread, I answered in a dignified tone: "Hast thou not rice? and the melted tails of sheep? Go then and prepare the *yahli pilaf* that we may eat."

After dark the derelicts, to my intense relief, arrived safe. They had lost their way, having taken a wrong turn near the Byzantine ruins, and after wandering for hours had at last succeeded in reaching the plain only by descending a dangerous precipice, down which they dragged their horses with great difficulty.

We ate the *pilaf*, drank tea made with mud slightly diluted with water, obtained from an almost dry well in the field, and at once lay down to sleep.

I am a light sleeper at any time and liable to be roused by any unaccustomed sound, however slight. On this occasion, with nerves strung to the highest pitch and mind occupied by visions of brigands, it seemed probable that I should not sleep at all. The night was pitch dark and an unbroken stillness brooded over everything. The low half-whispering talk of the men around the camp fire had ceased, and I had heard them bring up their beds near to the tent and lie down. Even the slight sound made by the horses munching their supper of barley was no longer heard.

I lay quietly for a considerable time, staring at the roof of the tent, and wishing that sleep would

deign to descend upon my weary eyelids. All at once a very slight rustling at the entrance caught my ear. The tent door consists of two flaps of canvas, which are kept closed at night by means of tapes that tie them together, one fastening being about the middle and the other an inch or two above the ground. At the rustling sound I fixed my eyes upon the door, but without moving. A hand was fumbling at the upper fastening—trying to undo it. I could see the hand distinctly—a brown muscular paw, with its big bony fingers slowly drawing out the tape, and the bare wrist covered with hair. Next moment a brawny leg, bare to the knee, was lifted over the lower fastening, and in another second the owner of these unlovely limbs was standing inside the tent. He was much too tall to stand upright even in the middle of the tent, which at that (the highest) point is only six feet high.

At a glance I took in the dress of coarse brown homespun, worn to rags, the unkempt hair and beard, the ferocious look of the lurid eyes and white gleaming teeth, and the horrible glitter of the long knife carried in his left hand.

During the moment in which he paused to look

round and take in the details of our simple habitation, I made a great effort to think what I ought to do. But before I had time to make up my mind, he was creeping stealthily up between my bed and the *Tchelebi*, who, like Matthew Arnold's shepherds, "lay wrapped in his blanket asleep on the" ground. The wretch turned towards me, leaning over me and peering into my wide-open eyes. I felt his hot, quick breath on my face, and in another second the bony fingers were at my throat. I uttered one frantic shriek. Then utter darkness covered everything. Not a single object was visible inside the tent. Outside the men were clamouring at the entrance: "*Tchelebi, Tchelebi*, in the name of Allah, what is the matter?" "Nothing, nothing! Be quiet! It is only 'madama' dreaming."

Kumbet, 10th August.—From Bakshish this morning we rode first up a narrow glen to photograph a beautiful ancient tomb, then on here through the same pass we came by three years ago, finding on the way some rock tombs we had not seen before. Aristaki had chosen for the camp the dampest place he could find—namely, the border of a marsh. My belief is he hates going

near Turkish villages when he can help it. For fear of fever we had to get it removed, and are now on level ground, shaded by big willows, close to the village. The weather has been cool and cloudy for several days, with a few drops of rain occasionally. I sat down under a tree, and the women came and sat round and talked to me. One said she remembered me, but I didn't recognise her. Most of them were clean and tidy, but a few the very reverse. The two raggedest and dirtiest of the lot set themselves down close to me, one on each side, and I could see the fleas, etc., running about on them, so got up, with the excuse of getting things to show them, and on my return sat down beside the clean ones.

I gave each of them a needle (as usual), and a biggish boy who was present asked for one. I pretended to be quite astounded at the idea of such a thing, and said: "Oghlan iné—Yok!"—"Boy needle—No!" All the women thought it a capital joke, and laughed delightedly.

Some of the women came to me with their children, and said: "These are orphans". I heard from Murad that when Sir C. Wilson was here he distributed money to the widows and orphans of

Turkish soldiers killed in the Russo-Turkish war, and they thought that we were going to do the same.

Aristaki tells me that the people address him as "*Tchorbaji*," a title of great respect from Mohammedans to Christians, and he is immensely pleased. It is quite appropriate in his case, as it signifies "soup-man"

Kümbet stands on a hill in the middle of a plain, on the site of an ancient town, and there are a vast number of houses, etc., cut in the rocks, and many other remains.

Yapuldak, 14th August.—From Kümbet we rode north-east over mountain and plain and through more forests of oak and pine to revisit Yazili-Kaya, "Written Rock," the famous "Midas Tomb," where we encamped for two nights. I went with Will up to Pishmish Kalessi, which for some reason or other I didn't do when here before in 1881. It is a ruined ancient fortress on a steep, isolated hill in the plain opposite the Midas Tomb. It is partly cut in the rocks and partly built. We went up by a narrow difficult path, and came down by a long, straight, steep stairway cut inside the hill, dark, damp and slimy, which terminated at a little

hole among the rocks, and which was no doubt a secret entrance.

The rest of the time we spent in once more exploring the Midas City. The rocky plateau on which the city stood is about 200 feet above the level of the plain, and can be reached only at certain points. The rocks all round the edge of the plateau are full of traces of building, and of other remains—altars, flights of steps, cisterns, etc. Walking along with my nose in the air I almost toppled into one of the cisterns. It looked about twelve or fifteen feet deep and was quite empty, and the bottom grass-grown. It was circular in form and, I think, some fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. Not a nice place to fall into, as it was in a very inaccessible part of the rocks, and one might have shrieked till doomsday from such a hole without being heard, even at a little distance!

Several of the altars have inscriptions in large letters in the Phrygian language, and on one side of the plateau is a road which must have gone through the outer part of the city, and which leads upwards to a gateway. To the right of this road, on a perpendicular wall of rock, are traces of a procession cut in relief—some of the figures are

larger, others smaller, than life size, and horses can be traced also. The road ends at the old gate, in front of which is a rather elaborate altar with little carved figures of a god and a priest beside it.

On the rocky perpendicular sides of the plateau, outside the city, are carved several beautiful and elaborate tombs, including one inscribed, "To Midas the King". It is cut in a flat, high rock which stands out at right angles from the plateau, about eighty feet high and fifty feet broad, but so narrow from back to front that a man can sit astride on the top. It is of a light creamy yellow colour, and looks literally "as fresh as paint". It might, so far as appearance goes, have been carved yesterday instead of thousands of years ago. The actual burying-place was a spacious chamber between the plateau and the Yazili-Kaya, and a great part of the rock has fallen down, leaving the back of the chamber, which bears an inscription, exposed to view. Beyond this tomb is another great isolated rock, literally honey-combed with chambers, many of them showing traces of Christian habitation.

The remains of the city on the hill, and the carved and inscribed tombs, make the traveller

long to know more ; but history tells nothing of the city, and the reeds in the valley no longer whisper the secrets of Midas the King.

There is no village near, and the plain is full of magnificent crops, which are rotting for want of people to gather them. In spite of this, however, the owner would not sell us corn for the horses under famine price!

Just before we had begun to pack up to leave the place, a Circassian rode up. He sprang from his horse, and instead of addressing the servants, as strangers generally do at first, he walked up to where Will and I sat at lunch, and glared at us and our belongings. This is very bad form in Turkey, so Will said to him coldly : " Who are you, and where do you come from ? " without giving him any welcome.

He seemed taken aback, and answered in a hesitating way : " I—who am I—where do I come from ? " then added, " from Yapuldak ".

Then he turned to the men who had gathered round, and addressing himself to Aristaki, the smallest and timidest of them all, said haughtily, " Who are you ? "

" We are men," answered the *tchorbaji* calmly.

The judicious reticence of this reply further nonplussed our visitor, who then said he only wanted to inquire about the roads. This was mere humbug, as the Circassians know every road in the country. But none of us made any sign. The *tchorbaji* gravely answered his questions, while the others looked on in stony silence. Then he remounted and rode off.

The men thought he was a thief, and would probably return with others at night to steal the horses, and perhaps the owners of the horses also. If he did he was disappointed, for we weren't there, having started for Yapuldak early in the afternoon.

Yapuldak lies south of Yazili-Kaya, and our ride was through a very wild and lonely district. Wandering about we lost our way, and did not reach our destination till about eight o'clock at night. The packs had been sent on first, and had arrived in good time; but when we reached the tent, which was pitched away from the village in a low-lying field beside a stream, Aristaki informed us that we should have dinner in two hours! The ways of this remarkable person are somewhat difficult to understand. We told him

we must have something at once ; he must give us chops, sardines and tea instead of the usual *tchorba*. Then he said to me in his usual formula : " Yessir ! ten minutes and dinner will be ready," and in little more than that time served us a very good and extremely welcome meal.

This morning everything was dripping wet with the moisture from the stream, and thousands of mosquitoes were buzzing round the tent. It was a fine sunny morning, however, and the sun soon dries things.

On one of the hills beside the village there are a number of tombs in the rocks. We spent some hours examining them and making some drawings. One had over the door a much-worn relief in which we could distinguish a horse and a bull and some human forms. To draw it I had to stand on a narrow ledge of rock outside with a nice precipice at my back ! This tomb had originally two chambers with roofs sloping from the sides to the centre and representations of rafters cut in the rock. Christians had occupied the place as a dwelling house and added two other chambers, and had re-cut the doorway between the first two into the shape of a cross ; I presume to counteract

any lingering heathen influence. Another tomb was most elaborately ornamented with carving in relief, both outside and in. Inside a grave was cut in each of three sides—the doorway being in the fourth. Above each grave were two gorgons' heads in a variety of styles.

Wandering over the hill-top we came on two deep circular holes cut in the rock—presumably cisterns—twelve or fifteen feet in diameter and the same in depth. One was empty. In the other lay a scattered heap of white bones and the skull and hoofs of an ox : then a few smaller bones and the back-bone of a dog with the brown head entire attached to it : lastly a brown dog stretched out, with its pointed nose resting on its forepaws, as if asleep, every rib and bone visible through its skin. It was a story easily read—only one of nature's little tragedies enacted in silence and solitude. But one can't help feeling sad at such a sight. The ox had fallen in and died. Two dogs had jumped in to feast on the ox, but had been unable to get out again; they had fought; one had killed and eaten the other, and at last had lain down to die in solitude, yet so near its home.

We left about eleven o'clock, the packs having

been sent off some hours earlier. The road lay partly at the bottom of winding glens shaded by fir-trees. Again we missed the way for a short time. We had ascended from the pleasant depths and shadows of a glen and had ridden for a little over open ground, in the broiling sun, when we came upon a *yaila*, where there was a single log hut and a scanty spring of water, but no sign of either man or beast. It was two o'clock ; I was very hungry, and suggested that we should stop and eat. The *Tchelebi* agreed to this. I dismounted, sought the shady side of the log hut, and seated myself on the door-step. The men had tied up the horses and were getting out the food from the saddle-bags, when my attention was attracted by the curious appearance of the ground at my feet. For some distance all round it seemed to be thickly strewn with tiny black beads that sparkled in the sun. "This is very strange," I said to myself. Next moment I noticed that the edge of my skirt was covered in the same way, and that the jetty border was increasing in breadth with amazing speed. Then I perceived that it was fleas, and jumping up tried to shake them off. Murad and the *Hadji* understood in a moment.

They shouted "Fleas" and rushed to my assistance. Fortunately the fiends, enfeebled no doubt by a long fast, were only able to crawl, not jump. We mounted our horses and fled.

Half an hour farther on we reached a Yuruk village, and dismounted under shady trees by a fine spring. Unfortunately goats had occupied the place before us, and the odour was anything but pleasant ; but one can't have everything. The village occupies the site of an old Byzantine one and lies in a pretty hollow among the hills. Many traces are visible of the old Byzantine buildings. The huts of the Yuruks are partly of wood, partly of stone. All the villagers but one woman and her son, a loutish youth, were gone to the summer quarters. A dog, a donkey and its foal were the only other inhabitants. The woman, a bright and cheerful, if ragged, creature, gave us delicious *yaghurt*. As we were asking our way, the youth volunteered to accompany us for a while and point out the way to Bayat, the village we were bound for, which they said was five hours away. He told his mother to fetch and saddle the donkey, which she did. He rode according to the manner of the country—on donkey-back—with neither

bridle nor stirrups, his legs dangling, and a stick in one hand to urge on his steed, whose small hoofs were unshod. He accompanied us for half an hour, by which time we had reached the top of a hill. Here he waved his hand vaguely towards the hills around, and said Bayat was somewhere over there. We were already under the impression that Bayat was somewhere, and, although his statement did not further enlighten us, we succeeded in reaching it soon after dark.

The packs had wandered from the road, and had taken eleven hours on the way! We took seven, counting an hour of doubtful wandering, but exclusive of the time we stopped for lunch. Strange to say dinner was ready.

During the night we heard shouting and the sound of hurrying feet, and other noises, and a light shone through the canvas of the tent. I thought that some one had come to steal the horses, and had been discovered and taken prisoner. But in the morning we found that dogs had come to try and get food, and one had jumped on the top of one of the cook's tall panniers and upset it into the fire! There was a magnificent conflagration! Sugar, rice, dried fruit, butter,

dish-towels, knives forks and spoons, our solitary table-cloth, and the cook's trousers were all consumed! No doubt there were other things also. The better spoons (two) and forks (two) survived the heat of the fire, but the others melted away. Murad says Aristaki jumped about while the things were blazing, wringing his hands and groaning: "And the rice is gone! and a whole *oke* of sugar! and the *caïssia*! and the butter too!" He was so afraid of a scolding that he begged the others to say nothing to the *Tchelebi*. What lies he would have invented to explain the loss of the things he only knows! Murad and the *Hadji* had more sense. Of course we never thought of scolding the little goose for an accident like that.

We remained at Bayat all Friday. Will has found a "modern" Phrygian inscription, long but badly defaced, and some others. My horse has a sore in his foot, and is slightly lame. I wanted to buy a carpet, but the people won't sell. The *Hadji* tells me (privately), that they are afraid of the *zaptieh* we have with us. No doubt they are right. If he knew they had money, he'd demand a share, and they would not dare to refuse it.

Saturday, 16th August.—We have sent the

zaptieh back to Kara-Hissar this morning. He left beaming with delight on receiving a pound for his services, which consisted merely in accompanying us.

Will has gone to survey the road to Geume, and I am here alone. During the day we occupy a house, a large one, well built and in good repair, but uninhabited at present except by ourselves. In the verandah, where I sit, there is a carpet-loom—a large one. Some of the windows are covered with pretty lattice, and some are closed by being plastered over with mud. The rooms are empty of furniture except for the usual fixed *diwan*, and some one has given us some mattresses and pillows. A number of swallows have nests with young ones in the verandah, and keep flitting out and in, twittering incessantly. The verandah opens to the west, so that all the earlier part of the day it is shady. Down by the river I see women washing, but none have come near me. My only visitor has been a little girl, who didn't stay long. I put down their shyness to the presence of the *zaptieh*, who has just gone.

Bayat is quite a large village, and looks prosperous; but we can't buy rice. They say there is

none. There are several mosques, well built and in good repair. One has its minaret ornamented neatly with a wide band of greenish-blue tiles. There are also a number of Seljuk ruins; one, evidently a *khan*, must have been a splendid building. Two emaciated cats sit in the verandah, and are very friendly, but they won't take the milk I offer them. I never saw a cat in Turkey that liked milk. There seems to be a feline prejudice against it.

It has been quite cool for a day or two, and we are evidently going to have rain.

Monday, 18th August. — We left Bayat on Saturday afternoon and camped at night at a small village—Seidler—where we neither heard nor experienced anything worth mentioning. On Sunday, about eleven o'clock, when we had been riding for some hours, we were caught in a terrific shower of rain among the hills. In about ten minutes, however, we reached a little dismal-looking village, and sought the shelter of a porch, where the people, who were also sheltering there, made us very welcome. There was quite a little crowd of men, women, and children in each of the few houses. They had apparently hurried in from the fields to avoid the rain. The women

were not veiled, and apparently quite a number of people lived in each house. A tall muscular negress came from the house into the porch where we were, and some of the young men chaffed her, and there was a good deal of the loutish horseplay and laughter that one might see among a group of farm hands at home. I asked one of the older women about the negress, and she replied, "She is an Arab and milks the sheep," which left me as wise as before, as the country people call all blacks "Arabs".

After lunch, when the rain had stopped, we set off under a leaden sky. The air was chilly and every prospect as unpleasing as possible. Late in the afternoon we passed a great flock of sheep resting in the plain. Two shepherds who had charge of them were just beginning to call the sheep to march with their little wooden flutes. They told us they had come from the borders of the Salt Desert, and were on the way to Smyrna, a journey of 200 miles. During the hottest part of the day, both sheep and shepherds rest, and at night they go on at a crawling pace, the sheep feeding by the way. The only shelter the men have is their huge capote of stiff white felt. It is

of the nature of a snail's shell. The owner carries it on his back when on the move, and curls up inside it when he rests. Each shepherd carried a water-bottle and a little sheepskin bag for food slung across his shoulder, besides his long crook and his little flute. Their hands and faces were black with mingled sunburn and dirt; their clothes were ragged, and their feet and legs were wrapped in sheepskin tied on with strips of the same. Many of the sheep had bells round their neck, and half a dozen ferocious dogs accompanied them. These dogs are not trained like the Scotch collie to herd the sheep, but are merely there to protect them. The shepherds walk in front either blowing the flute, or calling to the sheep with a peculiar cry which they understand and always obey. It is a pretty sight to see the flocks watered. When the troughs are filled, the shepherd calls to the waiting flock of sheep or goats, and a certain number only come forth, just as many as can drink from the troughs at one time. When these have drunk, they pass on to the other side and lie down quietly, and the troughs are refilled, and the next batch are called forward, and so on until all the flocks are watered.

There is not the faintest confusion or scrambling. The dogs lie quietly by the while doing nothing.

At nightfall we reached Sürmene in a regular deluge of rain. The tent was impossible, so we went to the *oda*—a fine big room, and no fleas or other nuisances. The village is on the site of Augustopolis, and many remains are visible. There are various tumuli also, at the edge of one of which we got a stone with a Phrygian inscription. It took some time to dig up, as it was big and rather deeply buried. The people are so afraid of the Government that, when they find anything like an inscription, or a piece of sculpture, they either bury it again, or conceal it in some other way. When it reaches official ears that anything has been found, the finder is invariably accused of having found "treasure," and made to "pay up".

It was afternoon when we left, and evening when we reached our next camping-place—Kara-Aralan—a *tchiftlik*, belonging to the dervishes of Kara-Hissar. It is a splendid estate—magnificent harvests, and countless flocks and herds, feeding on miles of fine pasture land. The village itself is a mere handful of hovels and a mosque. No *oda*

and no private house fit to sleep in. We have pitched the tent on the grassy bank of a willow-bordered stream where hundreds of geese are feeding and splashing. The people are frightfully dirty, ragged and poor looking. They have given us delicious milk and excellent butter.

Tuesday, 19th.—It rained all night, and we feel quite damp. We always wrap up our clothes in waterproof when we take them off for the night, otherwise in dry places they get wet with dew, and in wet places with rain.

The *Hadji* and Aristaki slept under an *araba* loaded with corn, which was standing within ear-shot of the tent. Murad and Musa took shelter in the porch of the mosque. Two dervish sheikhs, who arrived to look after their farm last night, have sent word that they are coming to call on us. They are saying their prayers in the meantime on a carpet spread not far from the tent.

We have been riding about the country this forenoon, exploring various villages, without great success. In one dilapidated little place we found an inscription built into a fountain. The people there "took no stock" in inscriptions, and apparently thought that we had come to see a fat

man whom they possess, and of whom they are inordinately proud. Most of them were squatting round him, admiring—which seemed to be their permanent occupation. He was charmed to see us, and called our attention to his chief accomplishment, which was standing up and sitting down again. Only he was so fat, that it made no practical difference in his position whether he did the one or the other. His legs were quite invisible under the mountain of his body. He looked good-natured and happy, and told us he was eighty years old, and had lived under five Sultans.

The sheikhs have been to call on us. The old one came first. He is the principal of the *Tekke* at Afium-Kara-Hissar—the second in importance in the country. His servant, a dirty-looking young dervish, in a voluminous black gown girt with a sash, accompanied him. The sheikh's appearance would mark him as a man of distinction anywhere. He is tall, dignified and handsome. His grey hair and beard are carefully trimmed, and his whole appearance exquisitely clean and neat. The only mark of his profession was the dervish hat—a thing like a flower-pot turned upside down on the

head, made of a soft rough thick felt, drab or fawn in colour. He wore a long *kafian* of fawn-coloured cloth, very fine in texture ; an inner coat of the same material, but light blue in colour ; fawn-coloured trousers, white cotton stockings, black kid boots (made of one piece without soles), and leather shoes. He turned out to be almost stone-blind. He said the blindness had come on gradually, and asked with great simplicity if we had anything to cure it ! How I wished we had even known anything about it ! We could only recommend him to trust in Allah. His eyes looked quite clear and bright, and might perhaps be curable. I gave him a little pot of vaseline, which we told him was good for certain kinds of sore eyes, or other sores, but no use for blindness. However, he at once rubbed some into his eyes ! It was most pathetic. When he heard we were going to Kara-Hissar, he said he hoped to see us there ; and on my saying that I had never seen the dervish dance, he answered that he would be glad if I would come and witness it in their mosque. He said they danced only once a fortnight, and the ceremony had taken place last Friday. We said, in that case, we couldn't see it, as we should

be in Kara-Hissar on Friday this week, and a long way off by the following Friday. He answered that, if we would send him word of our arrival, he would order the dance specially for my benefit! This is rather astounding, considering that Kara-Hissar is regarded as one of the most fanatical places in Turkey.

We gave him tea with lots of sugar. He shook hands at parting and said to Will: "God willing, we shall meet at Kara-Hissar". He was hardly gone when the young sheikh, his son, made his appearance. This one is also nice-looking, though in a somewhat different style from his father, being fat and rosy, and as fresh as if he had just left his bath. He looks liker a German than a Turk, having corn-coloured hair and beard. His eyes are blue-grey, and when regarding a woman assume a truly Teutonic expression of sentimentality, so that one almost expects him to sigh and murmur "*Ach!*"

His taste in dress, if not exactly "loud," is certainly less quiet than his father's. He wore a long, rather close-fitting coat of pink calico, white inside, and wadded and quilted in a small neat pattern: an inner gown of thick white silk, close to the

throat and reaching below the knee, fawn-coloured "bags," kid boots, leather shoes, and the dervish hat.

When we offered him refreshment, he replied that "he drank neither coffee nor tobacco," and was much interested to find that the *Tchelebi* practised the same abstemiousness, which is a virtue regarded with admiration and respect by Mohammedans. *Murad brought him tea. He took the cup in his hand and made a face like a child at a dose of "Gregory," and said it "was bad to take things between meals". We all laughed and I entreated him not to drink it; but politeness (or it might be the Turkish affection for anything in the form of medicine—as tea is often considered) won the day and he drank it. On saying good-bye he also added: "*Inshallah*, we shall meet on Friday at Kara-Hissar".

Wednesday, 20th.—Will went off early in the morning with the *Hadji* to survey the road to Kassaba. I waited and came on with the packs and Murad to Sulun, one hour on the road to Kara-Hissar. On the way Aristaki got some unripe melons from a small boy in a field. Murad and he ate them, and the former is quite ill again.

Since the melons have begun to appear and other fruits are half ripe, the people come and beg for medicine at nearly every place where we stop. They have fever and a "pain (or as they sometimes say a *stone*) in their stomach".

Thursday, 21st.—Sulun lies in a hollow at the foot of the mountains—a pretty situation. There are plenty of trees and fields of maize. There are a great many ancient stones, and the mosque is built on the top of some Roman baths. Between the village and the plain, in the side of a low hill, is an ancient theatre. Part of the seats remain and the foundation of the stage. Will has identified the place as the site of Prymnessos. He has found at a bridge about three miles from the village a Roman milestone with the words, "From Prymnessos III. miles," in Roman and in Greek numbers. Among other inscriptions we have found is an early Christian one on a little tombstone, which has newly been dug up. The man who found it in his field had taken it home and buried it in the yard of his house. After showing it to us he buried it again, and when I went with Murad this morning to make a drawing of it, he refused even to let me see it. I returned to camp

and related my failure. The *Hadji* at once said he would have a try, and off we went once more. Of course they expected us back again, and there was a little crowd in the yard awaiting us; but the owner of the stone had purposely disappeared. I had slight fever and felt headachy, and so left all negotiation to the *Hadji*, and went and sat on a stone in a shady corner. The *Hadji* was quite equal to the occasion, and in a quarter of an hour or so the owner of the stone suffered himself to be persuaded to come forth from the inner room of his house, to which he had retired. Then the *Hadji* redoubled his efforts. He coaxed and he wheedled that obdurate elderly brute as if he had been a baby! He took him by the hand, he patted him on the back, he tenderly caressed his bearded chin—at last I believe he even kissed him! The crowd looked on with grave, round-eyed curiosity, and when at last the obstinacy of their fellow-villager succumbed to the *Hadji's* endearments, they all beamed, with satisfaction.

The stone was disinterred from its shallow grave, a jarful of water poured over it and the drawing made. It is specially interesting to us as it bears the name of our old friend, Avircius, but it

is also a pretty stone in itself with a little sculpture in relief—a figure of the Saviour and portrait heads of Avircius and his wife Theuprepia.*

The tent is pitched in a sort of grassy nook among shady trees and close to a rippling streamlet. The remains of a Roman wall, still in its original place, separate our nook from a garden, the owners of which are very friendly. Immediately after we arrived a dear little girl about ten brought me a cup of coffee, and she has come at intervals with gifts of cucumbers, fruit, etc. She is an orphan and lives with our neighbours of the garden, who are well-to-do and have a nice house. They have only one child alive, a small boy, several others having died. The little boy has fever, and so has his father. The latter has had some quinine from us, but the boy can't be persuaded to take any. He hasn't arrived at the medicine-loving age. He is a funny little fellow, and has taken possession of me and the tent. He comes in when he pleases and sits down beside me, but ruthlessly orders away any other intruder of his own size or age.

* It is published in my husband's *Church in the Roman Empire*, p. 441.

Friday, 22nd August.—We came to Kara-Hissar this morning. Will started early, going by a roundabout road to explore. I followed an hour or two later with the *Hadji* by the short road, and found him (as arranged) in the Armenian Cemetery outside the town. He was alone among the tombstones, having sent Murad to inform the dervishes of our arrival, and on our way to the *khan* we met Murad coming back with a message, that the dervishes would send word when they were ready to begin their dance, which would be in about an hour.

Friday is evidently a great market-day here as well as mosque-day. Near the bazaars numbers of people sat in rows on the ground with all sorts of things for sale displayed in front of them, from horseshoes to *paplomas*. Every one with any pretension to respectability was in clean clothes.

We had just sat down to rest in the *khan*, a fine big one with a huge vine trained across from one gallery to the other, and an obliging young man was bringing me coffee, when Murad hurried up to say that a man had arrived with a message from the dervishes, that they were ready to begin as soon as we liked.

The *Tekke* consists of a number of substantial-looking houses and a fine mosque, surrounding a clean, well-paved court, in the centre of which is a handsome marble fountain, covered by a roof supported on marble columns. The water pours from a dozen spouts, beside each of which is a drinking cup attached by a chain. The mosque stands by itself at one side of the square. A high flight of steps leads to its portico and extends along the whole front of the building. Between the mosque and the nearest house, one catches a glimpse of a large white house with latticed windows, where the ladies of the sheikh's household dwell, and of a cemetery, with its dark, graceful cypresses, and the flat, pointed stones that mark the graves of Moslem women.

Within, the mosque is spacious, lofty and well lighted by a row of windows at the back. A little gallery for the musicians, reached by a narrow stair, is fixed in one corner. A wide square, with highly polished floor, is railed off for the dancers. On the left as you enter are the tombs of defunct dervish sheikhs, in a double row outside the rail. They are of the usual high bier-shape, with slanting tops, covered with dark-green cloths and

beautiful and costly embroideries, and each with a huge white turban at its head. At the angle of the railing one tomb protrudes beyond the rest, and at its foot is an altar with four massive candlesticks of bronze inlaid with silver, holding tall candles which were not lighted.

Having removed our shoes at the door, we were conducted to a little carpeted space, reserved for guests of high rank, beside the tombs, where we could see everything. A crowd followed us into the mosque, but remained standing outside the enclosed part near the door.

The old sheikh was seated under the music gallery on a white fur mat with a carpet below it. He was attired in a robe of white silk moiré with very wide, long sleeves bordered with gold, and had a green turban-cloth rolled round his hat.

Our young friend, in a long heavy cloak of rich dark green, stood facing the altar, his head bowed and his hands crossed on his breast. Fourteen other dervishes sat in a row on the floor, close to the rail, their cloaks—green, blue, saffron, crimson, olive and violet—making a marvellous combination of colour. These cloaks, which they permitted us to examine afterwards, are of very fine

thick broadcloth ; they reach to the ground and have long wide sleeves, which hang over the hands. All these men seemed absorbed. Some sat with their heads thrown back and their eyes closed ; others with their heads drooping on their breasts.

In the gallery were some ten others. One elderly man in a green turban stood up and began a monotonous chant the moment after we came in. We found afterwards he was the sheikh's eldest son and successor. Now and then a responsive murmur broke from the dervishes below, and at intervals they bent forward, touching the ground with their foreheads. The one nearest us was a negro, a great big fellow, in a violet-coloured cloak. His eyes were upturned and fixed with a look of ecstasy, as if on some glorious vision.

The chanting ceased. A soft mysterious melody began—a mere dreamy whispering of flutes. Then came a sudden, startling clash of cymbals, and the dervishes fell forward with a simultaneous movement, striking their palms on the polished floor with a loud clap. For a moment their lips and forehead touched the floor. Then all sprang silently to their feet, threw their cloaks across the rail, crossed their arms on their breast, so that

their hands rested on their shoulders, and began to glide in slow procession round the room, led by the sheikh and his younger son.

As the sheikh crossed the upper end of the room and came towards the altar, he bowed low ; faced half-way round towards the left, and bowed again ; wheeled completely round and bowed for the third time—this time to his son, who had come up exactly as his father had done, and was in the act of making his second bow. The sheikh then backed down the room to the lower corner, wheeled round and continued the procession. Meantime his son had turned about and made *his* third bow to the dervish following him, and then backed down the room after his father. Each dervish did the same. When the procession had passed round thrice, each time with perfect order and precision, the music changed, the sheikh stopped beside his mat, his son stood still beside him, and the other fourteen (as each reached a certain point) began one after another to whirl slowly in a gliding waltz round the room. Their dress is a short jacket, a skirt drawn round the waist and reaching to the ankles, and rather close-fitting trousers. Their feet were bare. As they

whirled their skirts became inflated, and stood out round them like a bell. At first they kept their arms crossed, then, very slowly and gradually, began to raise and extend them till they were stretched out horizontally from the shoulder, the palm of the left hand turned up, that of the right down. Four of them whirled into the centre of the room and continued to spin on one spot, while the other ten circled round them. Their step appeared to be exactly that of the *valse à trois temps*.

The most wonderful thing about it was the way in which the dancers avoided contact with each other. They seemed to fill the whole space, and yet not even the hems of their inflated skirts touched each other. Part of the time the young sheikh moved about among them—as we supposed to help to mark distance. He never touched them or spoke, merely moved about, stooping under their outstretched arms, and they showed no sign that they were aware of him. When he came near us I wanted to catch his eye, so that I might try to put him out—but in vain. He kept his eyes devoutly on the floor.

The whirling lasted exactly fifteen minutes. As

there were four or five clocks in the mosque it was easy to time them. Dance and procession were repeated twice after the first time, and the whole occupied about an hour and a half.

The music was weird and beautiful, very different from any other Turkish music we have heard, which has always been of a monotonous and uninteresting type. During each period of whirling it became gradually more exciting in character, then subsided again, till the dancers stopped one by one, and formed into procession once more.

By the time the third period of whirling ended, most of the dervishes seemed to be literally at their last gasp. Their faces, streaming with perspiration, were livid and ghastly, their chests heaved as if they would burst. But all maintained a certain self-control—not one uttered a sound beyond the painful breathing, and they evidently endeavoured to suppress even that. Some had kept their eyes closed the whole time and their faces raised, calm and expressionless, though livid in hue. One man particularly attracted my attention. His expression was one of supreme contempt—head thrown back, lip curled, eyes drooping and half-closed, and nostrils dilated. He was slightly made and wore a

saffron-coloured dress, and at the last showed less distress than any of the others.

The dancers, it was plain, were clothed and arranged with an eye to effect. Of the four who kept the centre, two were in saffron and two in violet colour. The others were in blue, white, crimson, olive and red, and the whole whirling mass had a quite kaleidoscopic effect.

The whirling over, they all sat down on the floor as before, and a dervish who had taken no part in the dance came and threw each man's cloak over his shoulders, so that it was evident they recognised the danger of a chill. The sheikh in the gallery again chanted a few words. There was a loud response from those below, they bowed their heads to the ground, rose, and withdrew.

When we had put on our shoes, a dervish who awaited us at the door said the sheikhs requested the honour of our company, and conducted us to a house, in the verandah of which our two acquaintances and one or two others, including the sheikh's elder son, were seated. A handsome carpet and cushions were ready for us, and we took our seat. Coffee and sweets were brought (of which I partook), and cigarettes, which we both declined.

They asked our opinion of the dance, discussed the dress, etc., and had several of the cloaks brought for our nearer inspection. They also had the candlesticks fetched from the altar for us to see—beautiful pieces of workmanship, exquisitely carved and inlaid, and with legends in Kufic character, which neither they nor we could read. The young sheikh inquired what we supposed might be their value—not, as he was careful to explain, that they had any desire to sell them ! Besides, he said, they are heirlooms in the mosque.

After some further conversation we parted with expressions of mutual good-will and pleasure at having met, and they cordially invited us to come again. Really, for “fanatics,” they are most amiable and agreeable people !

Saturday, 23rd August.—We left Kara-Hissar this morning, and riding in a south-westerly direction over the hills, came to a little village Kalejik. Beside it is a high peak, which we wanted to climb ; but time was short and rain threatening, so we did not do it. The village was almost deserted. The *Hadji* brought me a branch covered with lovely red cherries, which were, however, quite sour and uneatable. On finding this, he

threw it away. A man picked it up and gave it to his baby of two or three years old, and before I realised what was happening, the little wretch had eaten every cherry—stones and all. What happened afterwards I shudder to think !

From this village we turned east over the hills, and then south across the plain of Kassaba, to Vazlar at the foot of the opposite mountains, finding nothing interesting in the way of antiquities.

Sunday, 24th August.—Came on north-east to Doghanlar. For the packs, by the shortest way, it is four hours. Will and I took Murad and made a long round to examine some villages, and sent the *Hadji* on alone to another. We crossed the same stream which I remember crossing three years ago, coming to Kassaba, and reached camp late on a chilly evening. Doghanlar is an uninteresting collection of hovels and broken-down walls, among the hills—we had been led to expect ancient remains in abundance. One can never depend on accounts given by the natives—a few natural scratches may seem to them writing or sculpture. In the morning a woman brought me some unripe melons, and said she was very ill. I asked if she

had eaten any melons : she answered, "Chok"—"Many". I did my best for her, by giving her a pill and good advice. The women all looked worn and wretched in this place. I could hardly believe that some of them were the mothers of the young babies they carried, but they said they were : they looked more like grandmothers.

Monday, 25th.—A dull cold morning. We rode north down the hills into the valley of the Akkar-Tchai (Kaystros) and reached a village, Yenikeui, just in time to shun a tremendous shower of rain and hail. We got into a house that had been left unfinished and had no stair, so that we had to climb up by a board—the ground floor, although in rather more advanced condition, being already occupied by a flock of sheep. The wind, which had risen suddenly before the coming of the rain, continued to blow with piercing coldness ; and although the house had a roof overhead the whole front was open, and the window-holes at the back allowed both rain and wind to enter at their will. We wrapped ourselves in our waterproofs and crouched shivering in opposite corners. Ten minutes after our arrival the village was standing in a lake of seething, rushing mud, into which the

houses seemed to be steadily dissolving. An old man, soaking wet as to garments, and shivering with ague, brought us a small quantity of sheep's milk, which we drank gratefully. Everybody we saw, even the children, seemed to be suffering from fever, and the old man said it was a very feverish place.

In an hour or so, the deluge of rain had settled to a soft, steady downfall from 'a leaden sky, and we set out across the sodden plain, westwards. A ride of an hour brought us to a *hammam*—hot spring—where we stopped for a little, and took shelter in the building. The bath was, as usual, a big round hole cut in the rock, into which the spring poured almost boiling. The building is Turkish. The steam escapes through a small hole in the roof, and the water, after flowing through the bath, escapes by a hole in the wall and runs into the river. A score or so of swallows were flying out and in by the hole in the roof among clouds of steam. I tasted the water as it comes from the spring and found it not unlike seltzer. We found three silent, gloomy-looking men, probably shepherds, taking shelter in the bath; but we felt so silent and gloomy ourselves, that no

communication beyond a formal greeting took place.

To reach our destination, Tchobanlar, we had to make a long detour and cross the river by a bridge, as it is said to be full of holes, and is so swollen with the rain that it is dangerous to ford. The road was like a sea of mud, and the poor horses splashed and floundered about, and sometimes could hardly keep their feet.

It was still daylight when we reached Tchobanlar. Aristaki and the *Katrijis* had had the "gumption" to go to the "guest-house," which is a fairly good one. We have a nice large room on one side of the yard and the *Tchorbaji* carries on his operations in a portico on the other side. What luxuries a rain-proof house, a carpeted floor, and afternoon tea appear after such a day—even when one sits on the floor and drinks the tea out of battered tin tea-cups!

Wednesday, 29th August.—We stayed one night at Tchobanlar and found no antiquities. On Thursday morning we set off for Kara-Hissar, still in rain. We had made a circular tour from that place and returned to it again. We remained there one night (see p. 42). Will had money

transactions which occupied so much time that we were unable to call on the dervish sheikhs, as we should have liked to do.

It was pretty late in the morning when we started. The weather had cleared and was fine and sunny. About three hours' ride to the north-west brought us to Gedjik-Hammam. This country abounds in hot springs. The Gedjik-Hammam is quite a large building, with dwelling-house, stables, etc. The baths are much frequented by people from Kara-Hissar and the neighbourhood. It is a pretty place with plenty of trees, close to a river into which the water from the baths flows—the same river which lower down is called Akkar-Tchai, but here has a different name.

When we arrived we noticed several *Arabs* with covers of white linen ornamented with scarlet fringe and tassels, and were told that they had brought from Kara-Hissar a party of ladies, who at present occupied the bath. No "male man" could therefore be allowed to enter. There was no objection to my going in, however. We dismounted under the trees. A sort of ostler or serving-man conducted me to a door, knocked and withdrew. I entered a small white-washed chamber, in which

were an old woman and an old man. The latter was engaged in prayer on a little carpet in a corner, and did not allow my presence to interrupt his devotions. The old woman bade me cheerfully "hosh geldin"; and, when I said I wished to go into the bath, she showed me the entrance—a little hole in the wall about two and a half feet high and eighteen inches wide, through which I crawled into the ante-room of the bath. This is a high narrow place, lighted from above by an open hole in the roof. The atmosphere was hot and thick with steam. A wide doorway opened into the bath, into the dim and steamy depths of which one could not see from the ante-room. I sat down on a kind of bench, and was immediately surrounded by a throng of water nymphs, each enveloped from shoulder to ankle in a wet and clinging bath towel. Their skin was a uniform deep pink colour, and their dripping hair hung in long plaits down their backs. There were also three or four boys, from eight to twelve years old, "naked as from the earth they came," with copper-coloured skins and shaven heads, and with the enormous stomach and spidery legs that characterise the infant Turk.

The bath is circular, cut in the rock in a series

of steps, and the building over it has a dome-shaped roof with a few holes intended to let out steam. The only light is from the ante-room. A narrow hole near the ground allows the water to escape, after it flows through the bath. It was so hot in the bath that I could not hold my hand in it, but the bathers threw themselves in and splashed about, as if they really enjoyed it. They begged me to join them, but I had to excuse myself for want of time. They intended to simmer there all day, and had brought a supply of cakes and sweetmeats, of which they invited me to partake, which I did, and found them excellent, as Turkish sweets almost invariably are.

When I came out the old man was still praying. Perhaps he'd nothing else to do. We found two inscriptions.

After this we continued northwards and arrived at Eyret before sunset. The tent is pitched on the bank of a stream close to the ruin of a Seljuk *khan*. Enough of the building remains to be used as stabling by wayfarers. The roof is arched, and there is a double row of arches inside.

Thursday, 28th August.—Two hours from Eyret we descended into an extremely fertile and

populous plain. Will says it must have been just the same in ancient times. Everywhere are traces of ancient villages. At midday we stopped at a village called Murad-Khanlar, and rested in a portico on the shady side of a house. The women were all away in the fields, but the men were pleasant and friendly, and brought their babies and their crochet-work (socks) to keep us company. We have brought some good bread from Kara-Hissar, and we gave pieces of it to the children. The men were good-looking, and some of the children very pretty. Two of the children quarrelled, and the father of one of them intervened in a way that might have had disastrous consequences (see p. 119).

Before we left Murad-Khanlar the *Hadji* arrived in high spirits, announcing that at Besh-Karish-Eyuk, "Five-Span-Mound," a village he had been sent to, there were many *yazili-tashler*. So we came away south about an hour, to see them. The stones are tombstones, with inscriptions and sculpture, and returning we found an ancient boundary-stone on the way.

We came on through two more villages, Bunar-bashi and Tchepne, to Zemme, where we are camped.

Nuh-Euren, 30th August.—This is our second night here. Yesterday we went first to Utch-Eyuk, "Three-Mounds," then turned northwards to this place. To-day we have been visiting more villages all day, and thoroughly exploring the district. First we went south to Geukcheler—then back to Utch-Eyuk by a different road from yesterday's. From thence we rode north-east to Yaliniz-Serai, "The Lonely Mansion": thence north-west to Emir: then back to Nuh-Euren. Inscriptions everywhere.

It has been a pretty hard day. The *Tchelebi* is now on the minaret making geographical observations. The dinner waits. The weather being fine we dine outside the tent. Our dinner consists of two chickens, cut up and boiled with rice, so as to make a thick soup, and is served in the pot in which it is cooked. There is bread in a linen bag, and salt in a piece of paper. There is also a copper pot with milk, and cups for tea, placed in elegant array around, and we have each a plate and knife, fork and spoon. My seat is our solitary and somewhat dilapidated camp-stool. At meals the *Tchelebi* reclines on a carpet on the ground.

31st August.—Leaving Nuh-Euren we went first a quarter of an hour to the north to visit a village,

Haidarlar, and then turned west. Before long we came to a stream which had to be crossed. It came from a marsh and flowed, black and sluggish, deep down between almost perpendicular banks. As there was no bridge in sight and no possibility of fording it, the only way that remained was to jump. We looked for the narrowest possible part, and found a place where the bank on the opposite side was broken and a little lower. The *Hadji* volunteered to lead the way, took a short race and a flying leap, and just succeeded in landing on the opposite bank, his horse sinking to its girths in the black mud. The *Tchelebi* followed. His horse jumped right into the hole made by the *Hadji's* and didn't entirely disappear—its head and forefeet remained in sight—and with a frantic effort it struggled to firm ground, and stood panting and trembling.

I ought to have followed ; but neither my horse nor I had the courage to face that black gulf of mud. The very idea of sinking back into the black slimy stream appalled me ! And to jump into that horrible hole !

Through the green, green fields, my love,
Go, and I will follow ;

even a reasonable bog I won't refuse ; but one must draw the line somewhere. Murad, too, who remained on my side of the stream, had as little inclination for the leap as I had, and affirmed it to be impossible. It was impossible, too, for those who had already crossed to return. It was agreed that Murad and I should turn down stream to find a bridge, and with all possible speed get on to Arslan-Apa, where the midday halt was to be made, and where the *Tchelebi* would await us.

About an hour and a half down stream we found a bridge, and then our way lay over rolling grassy hills, descending gradually to a grassy plain—a silent lonely country. We did not meet a soul all the way and only once came in sight of a human habitation—a tiny village far away on our left among some trees, but too distant for us to see whether it was inhabited or not.

It was three in the afternoon when we reached Arslan-Apa, and found the *Tchelebi* anxious and impatient. We should have arrived two hours earlier. I suppose Murad had thought nothing about the time, and I'm sure I hadn't. The hot sunshine, the empty sky overhead, and all around the long monotonous sweep of grassy hill and

hollow, caused me to fall into a reverie, which was broken only now and then by a nervous whinny from my horse, when, for a moment, Murad, who led the way, was lost to view over the brow of some hill.

We had taken it so easy that neither horses nor riders were tired. After a meal and a short rest we set off once more across the plain. We passed through Ginik-Eüren, where we had camped for a night near the beginning of our journey, and continued westwards across the hills to Susuz-Kayi, crossing the Kutaya road and the telegraph line at right angles. Then on through one or two small villages in the plain north of Tchavdir-Hissar, to Eurenjik, at the foot of the hills that bound the plain on the west, where we are camped for the night.

Wednesday, 3rd September.—After riding for several hours under a scorching sun, till your flesh seems to have dissolved into your clothes, and the heat is beginning to crack your bones, it is a mistake to go and rest on a plot of fresh green grass, on the shady side of a mosque, in a fever-haunted village. This, however, is just what we were foolish enough to do at a little village called Yarish, on

Monday. We did not realise our folly till it was too late, and by the time we reached camp at Emet, Will had developed fever—temperature 105, sore throat, headache and other bad symptoms. In the morning, although no better, he determined to go on, so we started, keeping the packs in our company. When we had been riding about two hours, he suddenly collapsed, and rolled from his horse to the road. We were passing a stubble-field at the moment, on the farther side of which was a row of big trees, so we got him over there, and in a few minutes the tent was up and his bed ready.

We could hardly have a nicer place for the camp. It is beside the dry bed of a stream, and there are plenty of fine trees and a spring close at hand. A shepherd, who with his little flock was resting under one of the trees, informed us that Hassanlar, for which we were bound, was on the brow of a hill only ten minutes farther on. The *Hadji* went off there to forage for us, and came back in no time, with a large contingent of villagers carrying carpets, mattresses, pillows, sacks of barley and chopped straw, chickens, bread, butter, milk and honey. With his usual good

sense he had gone at once to the "headman," who happens to be a rich man, and is truly a most hospitable one. He has sent us everything he could think of from his own stores. The *Hadji* tells me he asked for wine for the *Tchelebi* (sensible man!), but there was none in the village, as it is purely Moslem. But they gave him vinegar, which, with honey and water, makes a good "gargle" for sore throat. The "headman" came himself to assure us of his friendliness and sympathy. He looks about thirty-five years old, and is active, intelligent, handsome and well-dressed.

Will is a little better to-day, although extremely weak and unable to leave his bed. To let air into the tent I have made the men prop up the edges all round with sticks. During a hot day one might as well seek refuge in an oven as in a closed tent; but with the edges all turned up it is just like a fine big umbrella.

Yesterday evening, while I was sitting on the ground beside my husband, my attention was attracted by the snorting of the horses. We have eight, five for riding and three packs, and they are picketed as usual not far from the tent in a circle about ten feet apart. Their feet are hobbled with

bands of goat's-hair cloth, and each is tethered to one spot by a halter, and a stake fixed in the ground, Somehow or other the *Tchelebi's* horse—a pretty little red bay, and a perfect demon to fight—had managed to get rid of both halter and hobbles, and was making the most of his opportunity. He had a splendid chance. The men were all together by the fire in the river-bed, which Aristaki has taken as the kitchen. The little bay's favourite enemy is the *Hadji's* horse, a big cream-coloured animal with a white forelock parted in the middle, which gives it a ludicrous resemblance to an old woman. When I looked out, the bay was in the middle of the circle facing the cream, his tail held high, his head low, his ears laid back, his left fore-hoof pawing the ground. At short intervals he gave vent to an aggressive snort, which was at once responded to by seven snorts of defiance from the seven other horses, who glared at him and strained at their tethers, while they vainly tried to paw the ground with their hobbled feet. Their excitement was intense, and their chopped straw and barley lay neglected under their noses.

Just as the bay got close to the cream, the latter succeeded in freeing his front feet from the

hobble, and began pawing wildly. Slowly their two lowered heads approached till their noses met close to the ground, then, with a blood-curdling shriek, each reared on his hind-legs and made a grab with his teeth at the other's neck. At the same instant the six remaining horses reared with one accord, pawing the air with their hobbled forefeet, and echoed the yell. It was a beautiful sight, but I know no sound more diabolical than the scream of fighting horses. When it comes upon you suddenly, you simply want to hang yourself across the nearest fence till you get over the effect. If they screech like that in battle, I wonder all the soldiers don't fall down flat like the walls of Jericho! In a moment the men were among them, and the bay was off like a shot, out of the field, and out of sight, before you could say Jack Robinson. Aristaki was as white as a ghost, and trembled like a leaf. The others after their sudden fright laughed heartily, and in spite of my wretchedness about my husband so did I.

In a moment or two we heard the bay flying along the road, which was about three feet above the level of the field, and hidden from view a good deal by trees and bushes, and he came crashing

through the bushes at the opposite side of the field from where he had disappeared, and stopped just out of reach, uttering a derisive neigh. He kept out of reach, too, till the men, with their usual patience, went back to the fire in the river-bed—which was exactly what the little wretch wanted. As soon as the coast was clear, he renewed his attack on the cream, whose neck was already bleeding from the bite he had had, and the same scene was repeated. Only this time the *Hadji's* horse broke loose also, and as the men again rushed forward, both took to their heels and away. Soon we heard their hoofs thundering along the road, and the bay came bounding through the shrubbery once more. But the *Hadji's* horse had either miscalculated his jump or, in his excitement, forgotten the difference of level, and came an awful cropper among the bushes, rolling over and over like a kitten. He was not hurt, however, and scrambled to his feet, ready to renew the combat. The men soon gave up any attempt to capture them, only keeping a look-out to ensure that they did not attack the others, whose fastenings were made more secure, and declaring that they had too much sense to go far from camp.

This proved quite true, and at dark the two delinquents, having raced themselves tired no doubt, and feeling inclined for supper, came quietly to their places and allowed themselves to be tied up without much trouble. I have seen an English groom give his horse a good thrashing with less cause. A Greek would very probably have done so. But our men merely fastened them more securely than before, patted them, and laughed at them.

6th September.—We left Hassanlar on Thursday and made a short day (as the *Tchelebi* was still very weak though better), going high up the mountains to Suyut-Keui, a five hours' ride, which we did in two stages.

Before leaving we went to the village to say good-bye to the "headman" who had treated us so hospitably. He then took me to visit his family. His private house was about five minutes' walk from the one where he received his own guests, and was as large and commodious as a good *khan*, and of the same style, having a courtyard in the centre. Striped woollen curtains shaded the galleries from the sun, and there was a profusion of creeping plants and flowers in pots and boxes. I

was taken into a cool shady room, where the ladies and children were waiting to receive me, and seated on the *diwan*.

The family consisted of two wives, the master's mother, and eight children ; and there were besides a number of servants, mostly old crones. There was one negro girl whose cheeks were marked by hideous scars in the barbarous fashion which prevails in regard to black slaves. *Both the wives were pretty—tall, plump, and handsomely dressed with a profusion of gold coins and bangles. The old mother, on the other hand, although a picture of good nature, was dirty and slovenly in the extreme ; an old dirty cotton jacket and trousers and a pair of woollen socks being her whole attire, with the addition of a dirty red rag tied round her grey dishevelled hair.

The eldest of the children was about ten years old. Five, including the only girl, belonged to one wife and three to the other. The latter said she had recently lost a baby-girl, and spoke very sadly about it. Then the old mother and the other wife caressed her and comforted her. One of her little boys was dressed like a girl, and had his hair in long plaits, so that I thought he was a

girl; but the mothers explained they only kept him like that because it was pretty, and after the ceremony of circumcision he would be clothed like a boy. I put my foot in it by inquiring if the two wives were sisters—they struck me as being very like each other. They were evidently horrified, and asked if among my people a man would marry two sisters! I said no, certainly not, and entreated as a stranger to be forgiven for asking such a foolish question. Then they offered me coffee and cigarettes, and other refreshments in the shape of sweet cakes, melon, sugar and butter—the two latter in minute quantities presented on tiny

From Suyut-Keui we crossed the Simav-Ova, passing about half an hour to the east of the town, and on into the mountains that bound the valley on the south. We passed also Kushu, where we had stayed on 18th July, and Samat, and camped for the night beside a village called Deladir, at the head of a deep, narrow glen. It took us about half an hour to cross the glen, riding down among the houses on the one side and up the other. What can induce people to build on such an inconvenient site is a mystery to me. The sides of

the glen seem almost vertical, and the tumble-down houses look as if a touch would send them toppling to the bottom. The people, however, as far 'as we saw them, looked well fed and quite jolly, and the surrounding country is fertile and well cultivated. This morning, as we were preparing to start, I was witness of a somewhat dramatic domestic incident (see p. 109).

At Kishlak, where we stopped for lunch, the *Tchelebi* went off to copy an inscription, taking the *Hadji* and leaving me in the porch of the little "guest-house," with Murad to attend on me. That worthy, however, hung his gun on the wall beside the mattress on which I reclined, and speedily took himself off on some affair of his own—perhaps to be shaved, as I had observed a barber operating on one of the villagers as we passed, and our men have a passion for being shaved on every possible opportunity. I must say opportunities are not very frequent.

Four or five men remained with me, sitting on their heels in staid and solemn silence, regarding me apparently with deep interest. On the edge of a high bank opposite the house a dozen women had gathered to watch me, but it isn't the custom

for women to come into the *oda*, and I didn't feel inclined to go to them. So I drew my white muslin veil over my face, as if I desired to sleep, although my intention was merely to study the faces of my companions, whom I could see quite well through the muslin without being myself well seen. At this moment, however, their attention was diverted, as mine was, by the entrance of another stranger.* He sprang on to the little portico, started back as he caught sight of me, then after a second glance threw himself down with a groan of fatigue, leant his back against the wall, and, without any greeting, turned to the man nearest him and said: "Bring bread". The Turk rose slowly, shuffled on his shoes with the usual deliberation, and disappeared round the corner. Nobody else moved or spoke, but all eyes were fixed on the stranger. He was a Greek, and his appearance told its own tale. His sun-blackened face bristled with the neglected beard of a man who has been accustomed to shave for years, and has only recently abandoned the practice. His hair was shaggy, long and tangled, his clothes dirty and hanging in tatters, his feet and legs wrapped in wisps of straw and scraps of woolly

sheepskin, and an old handkerchief served him for a cap. He had evidently been some time in the mountains. I felt sure from his face and his dress (in spite of its miserable condition) that he was a "Smyrniote" Greek* who had probably committed some crime and had fled to the mountains till the memory of it should have blown over—a proceeding not uncommon.

In a few minutes the Turk^a returned with a lump of hard black bread, which he handed to the Greek. The latter fell to upon it ravenously, like a hungry dog and with teeth as sharp and white; hacking off pieces with his knife and cramming them into his mouth. He must have been pretty hungry to eat such villainous-looking stuff without even water to help to wash it down. The Turks, whatever they may have thought, maintained a discreetly polite silence, not asking a single question. As for me, I remained perfectly immovable, although the Greek eyed me, evidently wondering who I was and what I was doing there. I observed also that his glance wandered furtively to the gun hanging above my head. All at once he jumped

* In Greek slang "Smyrniote" means *blackguard*, "Sciote" *coward*, "Corigote" *stupid*, and so on.

up and seized it, before I realised his intention, and remarking with a laugh, "This is a good gun," raised it to his shoulder and deliberately pointed it at the head of the Turk sitting next to me—one I took to be the "headman" on account of his good clothes. But this was too much even for the phlegmatic Turks. There was a sudden outcry—every one sprang to his feet, and one caught the barrel of the gun and pushed it up. The Greek declared it was only a joke, but I was furious and said to him angrily in Greek: "Give me that gun". He let go at once, and the Turk handed it to me and I laid it by me on the mattress. I think he intended to startle us and in the confusion make off with the gun, which is a good one; but perhaps I wrong the poor wretch.

When Murad returned a few minutes later, the Greek showed signs of uneasiness, and very speedily took his departure, without a word of farewell from any one. The Turks looked at me and laughed quietly, as much as to say, "We see through that one and so do you," and relapsed again into contemplative silence. But I felt sorry for that wretched Greek, slinking off in fear like a hunted creature, rascal though he may have been.

Leaving Kishlak, our road still lay among the mountains, and a little after three o'clock we passed a village called Kuzeir, and turned up a stream flowing from the west. The sky had become darkly overcast, but the air was close and warm. The camp is at a village, Ishekler-Yahvasan. We stopped above the village to look through a gap in the mountains across the Kata-kekaumene. Far, far away stretched a turbulent sea of gloomy mountains, with here and there the cone of a volcano standing out from the rest, black and grim. The silence and stillness of death brooded over it. Great leaden clouds hung motionless and low in the dull sunless sky, as if they had lifted but for a moment, to reveal to our astonished gaze this awful embodiment of "the abomination of desolation".

"This is the Gate of Hell," said a voice in my ear.

I had known it and felt it, although I had not framed the thought in words. I knew that the next words would be, "Come to your doom," and that I should feel myself clutched by some terrible "Efreet of the Jinn" and whirled away into that world of death. I waited shuddering.

"What a subject for a painter." It was my husband who spoke. We turned our horses' heads and rode down the green hill to camp.

8th September.—From the "Gate of Hell" we turned direct south, down the side of a stream, passing soon through Boyajik, a village just eight hours north of Koula. *Boya* means *colour*, and in this district, which is called Karatash, Black-Stone, great quantities of madder-root used to be dug. It is not cultivated, but, like liquorice, grows wild, and is simply gathered by the people. They told us they formerly did a good trade in it, and asked why people don't want it now. Will explained that cheap dyes are used now, as everybody wants Turkey carpets, and only a few are willing to pay the price of the best ones.

In the afternoon we passed through Ala-Agatch-chiftlik, where we found an interesting inscription. Then through Tchanisha, and on to Hadjiler, where we camped for the night.

To-day we crossed the stream that flows by Selende, passed near Hammamli, and crossed the Gediz-Tchai by the bridge, and so back once more to Koula.

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